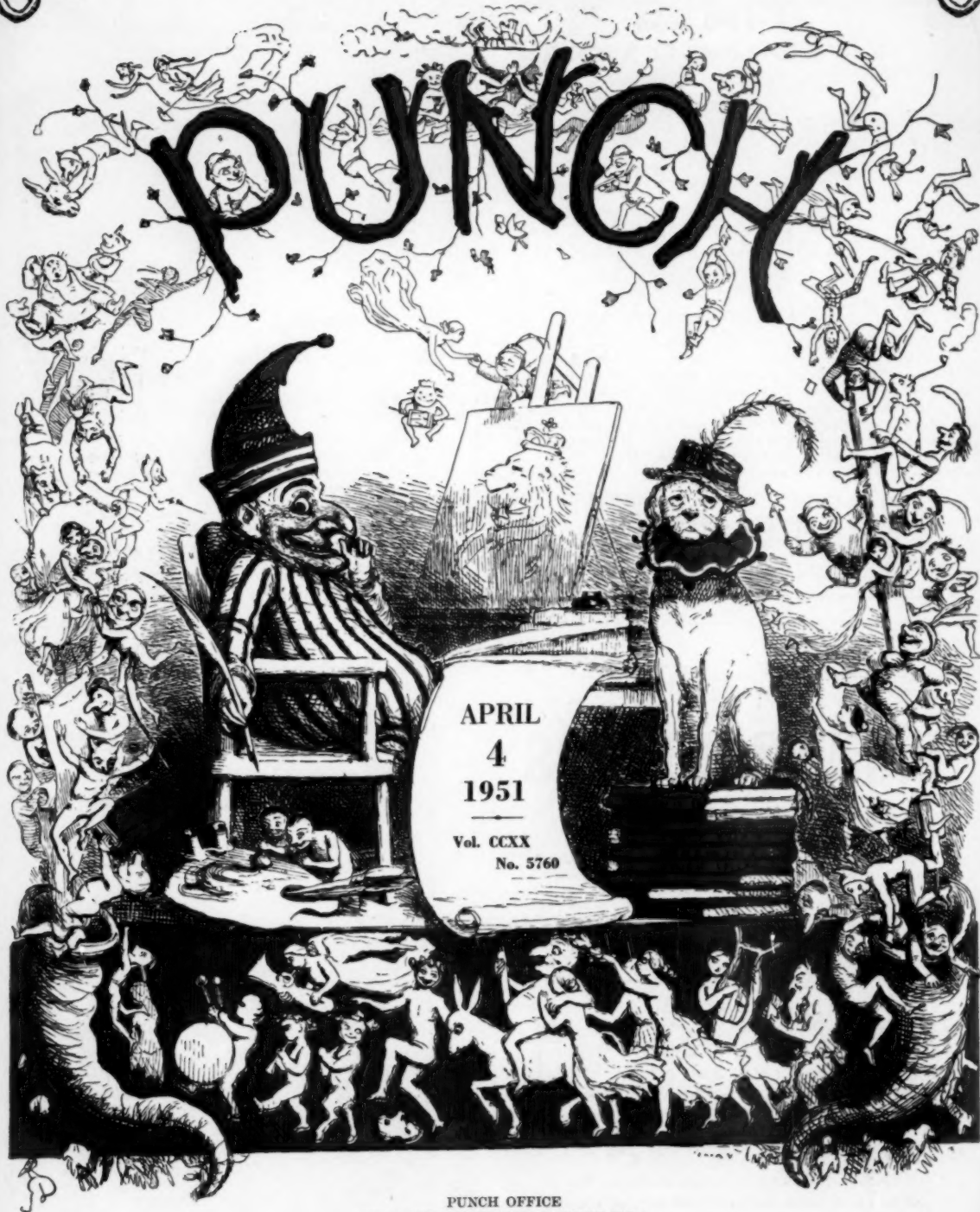


6<sup>p</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4 1951

6<sup>p</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

## Biro presents A SHORT HISTORY OF WRITING

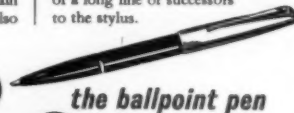


### No. 2 Cuneiform writing

Before 3000 B.C. the Sumerians in Babylon produced "Cuneiform" writing. The method employed was to impress the characters on soft clay tablets with a stylus probably made from reed sharpened to a point. The clay was then baked hard to make the markings permanent. In certain instances cuneiform writing was also

inscribed on stone, the characters being engraved with chiselling tools. This form of writing was used consistently until almost the beginning of the Christian era, by which time papyrus had replaced clay, just as Biro is the latest of a long line of successors to the stylus.

# Biro



the ballpoint pen

WITH THE WORLD



WIDE SERVICE

7034

## DANGER MONTHS FOR YOUR HEALTH!

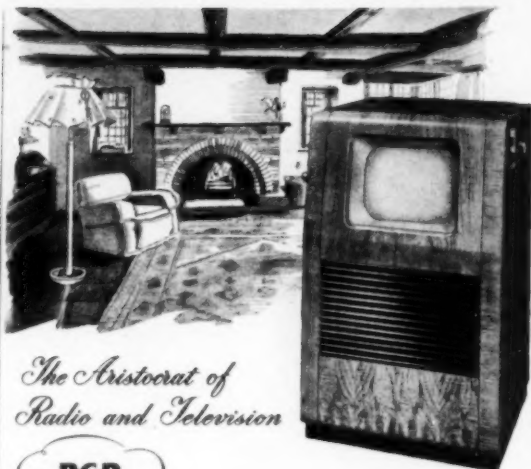
At this time of the year your resistance to infection is low. There was little sunshine last summer. Fresh vegetables are scarce and you are probably short of Vitamin C. The Ministry of Food says: "A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion and a feeling of exuberant good health". Safeguard your health in these critical months—take RIBENA natural Vitamin C blackcurrant juice at least twice every day. Good for children from three weeks old. Buy a bottle now—and never mind the weather!

VITAMIN C  
**Ribena**  
BLACKCURRANT JUICE  
**fights fatigue**



Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores and Grocers 3/3d.

SO DELICIOUS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET TO TAKE IT DAILY  
Highly concentrated. Contains not less than 20 mgms. of Vitamin C per fluid oz.  
MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD



### The Aristocrat of Radio and Television

R.G.D.

There's a place for R.G.D. television in your home too! For these receivers add to the joys of life, both by their superb appearance and high performance.

Model 2351T has a 12-inch tube and is housed in a figured walnut cabinet.

Your local R.G.D. Retailer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

ACCREDITED DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN

## A NEW old-style pipe tobacco at 4/- an ounce



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



## DEXTER weather

Slip into a Dexter weatherproof and you won't care if it snows. In a Dexter you are well-dressed, whatever the weather. Dexters are obtainable from leading Outfitters Everywhere.

*"As British as the weather—but reliable".*

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED, CATHCART, GLASGOW



It's the wise man who knows that if you take care of your shoes your clothes will take care of themselves.

LOTUS shoes are made for such, having an eye to the fine points of appearance. Their leather, their lines, their workmanship and multiple measurements provide each with the perfect fit.

## LOTUS SHOES

FOR ALL MEN AND MOST OCCASIONS

\*  
*A Fine  
Watch with a  
Fine Name*  
\*



HC.8714. Price £8.19.6. incl. P.T.  
12 months guarantee.



**LOOK FOR THE  
CERISE RING**

HC.8811. Price £9.2.6. incl. P.T.  
12 months guarantee.



You can be proud to own one of Smiths fine English 15-jewel lever watches. These proved timekeepers are made and tested under ideal conditions at Smiths Watch laboratories at Cheltenham, and embody everything that's best in British Craftsmanship. Chrome stainless steel watches from £7.19.6. to £9.2.6. incl. P.T. 9 carat gold cases from £23.6.9. incl. P.T. Sold by Jewellers everywhere.

# SMITHS

HC.8614. Price £9.2.6. incl. P.T.  
12 months guarantee.



SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2. The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.



For over half a century, we have been specialising in the creation of fine fireplaces—from reproductions of elegant dog grates and other 18th century masterpieces to contemporary fireplaces that conform in every way to modern standards of efficiency. A visit to our showrooms will convince you that there is no domestic heating problem that our craftsmen cannot solve.

## Bratt Colbran Limited

THE 'HEAPED' FIRE • PORTCULLIS GAS FIRES • SOLECTRA ELECTRIC FIRES

10 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Scottish showrooms: A. Caldwell Young & Son, 200 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.1

**JACKSON MONEY BOX**

*A new Jackson Electric Cooker*

**can pay for itself**

*... with the ELECTRICITY it saves!*

Replace your old cooker with a new and improved Jackson. Over half-a-million women with Jackson Electric Cookers have proved that the cheapest way to cook is with a Jackson. It's the oven, specially designed for low current consumption, that makes it so economical to use. With this new model, for instance, you can cook a delicious two-course dinner in the oven for 8 people using **only 2½ units of electricity**. At this rate you can imagine how much money you save and how much fuel you save the country every time you use your Jackson.

See the latest Jackson Cookers at your local showroom, and ask for FREE Silver Recipe Folder. Attractive Hire Purchase Terms are available in most districts.

**Jackson**

THE JACKSON ELECTRIC STOVE CO. LTD.,  
143 SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1, and Branches.



... but if Ali Baba's story had been written today his treasure would have included palladium. Like gold and platinum, palladium is a precious metal, chosen for fine jewellery for its beauty, rarity, value and the way it responds to the craftsman's touch.



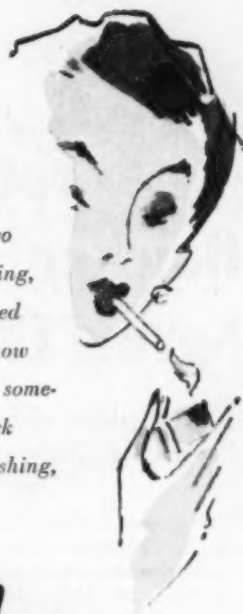
## PALLADIUM

Platinum Metals Division, The Mond Nickel Company Limited,  
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1



## Nowadays there's

nothing unusual about a wife (though she got up at 6.30, took two children to school, queued for rations, rang the doctor, finished the ironing, cleaned the silver, wrote a letter, called at the Food Office, transplanted the dahlias, got the children to bed and washed up heaven knows how many times) who still looks cool and attractive in the evening. . . . It's something to do with the easy washing, unshrinking, quick drying, little-or-no-ironing, long lasting, non-crushing, eye-taking elegance of



# Nylon

British Nylon Spinners, Pontypool, Mon.



To remember your trip . . .  
**Souvenir scarves from the famous  
Jacqmar scarf collection**

"London"  
"Streets of London"  
"Trafalgar Square"  
"London Pageants"  
"London Pubs"  
"London Buildings"  
"Thames Side Village"  
"The Country House"

## Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

### THE WINDAK "SPORTIE"



A most delightful sports blouse, at a most modest price.

Washable! It is made in permanently rain-resistant

Popada and there are fourteen lovely colours

from which to choose.

Windak style, neatness and finish, of course.

Price £5.12.6d.

In case of difficulty please write for the name of nearest stockist to:—

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE



## For Quicker, Easier Spring Cleaning

Replace your old cleaner **NOW**  
with a new, improved "Hoover"

**I**F YOUR cleaner is old-fashioned and out-of-date, it's no match even for ordinary cleaning, let alone *Spring Cleaning*. So replace it now with a new, improved "Hoover" with its many special features. Model 612, for example, cleans under lower furniture; has an easier-to-empty bag; a much handier cleaning tool container; and — as with all Hoover cleaners — the cleaning tools themselves are so easy to use that you'll finish your *Spring Cleaning* in record time.

Remember, too, the Hoover does so much *more* than ordinary vacuum cleaners. By removing even the trodden-in, gritty dirt, it makes carpets last longer.

The "Hoover" is a magnificent engineering job, with a handsome streamlined appearance, and beautifully finished down to the smallest detail. You'll be proud to have a "Hoover" about your home.

Order now from your Hoover Dealer  
Standard Model 612 (as illustrated) £23.2.0  
(plus purchase tax £5.15.6)

Other models from £12.12.0 (plus tax £3.3.0)

Hire Purchase available

### IT GENTLY BEATS THE CARPET ON A CUSHION OF AIR

The Hoover Cleaner lifts every little section of the carpet from the floor in turn, and by means of the exclusive Agitator (left), gently beats it on a cushion of air, thus extracting the damaging, trodden-in, gritty dirt. And, of course, it sweeps up all the bits, leaving the carpet with that new-brushed appearance.



*The* **HOOVER**  
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER



*It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

### EVERY LETTER TELLS A STORY



Star of London Films, EILEEN HERLIE is a dramatic actress in the Great Tradition. Her handwriting shows that she possesses intense professional pride.

*I'm delighted to say the story is doing well.*  
*Sincerely Yours*  
*Eileen Herlie*

The way you write discloses your personality. A well-known graphologist says that the large letters and loose structure of Eileen Herlie's writing show an extremely feminine temperament. The flying, lightly-made high i-dots indicate romantic ideas but there is caution in the involved capital 'E'. The graceful curve under her surname shows professional pride and a desire for appreciation.

EVERY LETTER you write tells the inside story of your personality—not only in your handwriting and the words you choose but in the notepaper you write on.

Basildon Bond is the ideal choice of all discriminating people—no other notepaper holds so much pride

and pleasure in its use, nor offers better value! Made by craftsmen skilled in the traditional art of paper-making, this crisp, perfectly-surfaced writing paper is the ideal choice for all tastes and every occasion—right for price, and perfect for writing on.

## Basildon Bond

THE CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

## "Mum called them growing-up pains—doctor said it was rheumatism"

THE younger years can be such difficult years of physical and mental change, when the body so often seems susceptible to disorders of all kinds. During these years, rheumatism is by no means an uncommon complaint.



### SEE YOUR DOCTOR FIRST

Rheumatism at any age calls for prompt advice from your doctor. Luckily, one of the most common forms of rheumatism which troubles all ages can be treated quite simply. This kind of rheumatism is often caused by impurities in the system and usually responds satisfactorily to saline therapy—which is a very effective form of treatment provided by Kruschen.

### KRUSCHEN'S TWO-WAY ACTION

Kruschen helps the system to expel impurities which give rise to rheumatic pain. Kruschen is not only a laxative, but six

specially blended mineral salts. These salts act in two ways—aperient and diuretic—helping the bowels and the kidneys to rid the body of impurities in the natural way. Taken regularly, it can often prevent these impurities from forming again.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in powder and crystals) from Chemists and Grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

## KRUSCHEN



Away from it all  
in the midst of plenty  
fly to  
sunny Scandinavia  
for your holiday

Fly—the ideal mode of travel—to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the ideal holiday Countries—no queuing, no fuss. Scandinavia offers everything for the perfect holiday: friendly people, abundance of food, unforgettable scenery, and every possible recreation in a warm and sunny climate; only a few hours away by S.A.S.



Bookings through your usual Travel Agency.

# FLY SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

## NEW DEFENCE BONDS

*Higher Rate of Interest*

- Interest increased from 2½% to 3%.
- Interest paid to you half yearly—Income Tax is not deducted at source.
- Repayable at par on the interest date next following ten years after date of purchase, or at 6 months' notice.
- Maximum amount which can be invested £2,500 including previous issues.
- Buy them through Banks, most Post Offices or through your stockbroker.

You can also hold 500 of the  
**NEW 15/**  
**SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**  
over and above permitted holdings  
of all previous issues

Issued by the National Savings Committee

## Why Ovaltine is Different from any other Food Beverage

WHEN, early this century, 'Ovaltine' was introduced to serve the cause of good health, it was unique... an *original* product. It readily won the support of medical men. It was adopted by Hospitals and Nursing Homes. It rapidly established itself in world-wide popularity.

'Ovaltine' still maintains its leadership... its essential differences. Some of the differences concern the ingredients—their selection, their quality, and the proportions in which they are used. The use of eggs in 'Ovaltine' is important, and so is its vitamin content.

Other 'Ovaltine' differences are evident in the steps taken in the interests of quality. The famous 'Ovaltine' Farms were established to set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. The 'Ovaltine' Factory in a Country Garden employs the most modern scientific means to maintain a supreme degree of quality and purity.

Because of its outstanding merit 'Ovaltine' is the regular food beverage in millions of homes, for promoting health and vigour—for helping to ensure natural, restorative sleep. *Eventually you, too, will drink delicious 'Ovaltine'... why not now?*

**Remember, it pays to buy the best...**

'Ovaltine' offers you the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price. Comparatively, it costs so little—it gives so much.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

It is economical to purchase the large size tin.

P.784A



The Ovaltine Farms were established to set the highest standard for the  
**MALT, MILK & EGGS**  
used in  
**OVALTINE**

The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm

The 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm

# a reliable watch

IS A GOOD FRIEND

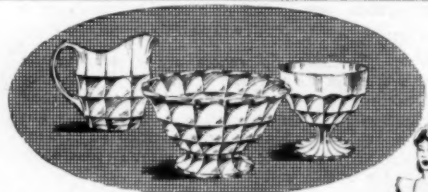


*Two examples from Mappin & Webb's latest collection*

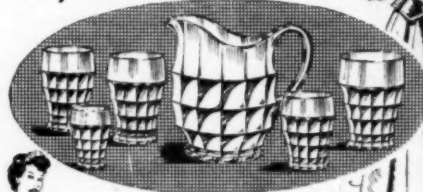
AS OUR SELECTIONS VARY FROM DAY TO DAY, A PERSONAL CALL AT OUR SHOWROOMS IS RECOMMENDED; BUT EVERY EFFORT IS MADE TO SATISFY POSTAL ENQUIRIES

## MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED  
156-162 OXFORD ST. W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4. 172 REGENT ST. W.1.  
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.  
PARIS: BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY



*lovely then...*



*...lovely now*



Fashioned on the graceful classical designs of the Jacobean period, the Jacobean range of glassware has an outstanding elegance. How pleasant to know that such nice things can still be bought for so little.

A free booklet giving more information about this range of long life, low cost glassware, will be sent on request.

From Retailers only, but in short supply at Home owing to export demands.

### TOP PANEL

Cream Jug 1/3d.  
Sugar Basin 1/3d.  
Tumbler 9d.

### LOWER PANEL

Tumblers 10 oz.-8d.  
8 oz.-7d. 6 1/2 oz.-6d.  
4 oz.-5 1/2d. 2 oz.-4 1/2d.  
Jug 3/6d.

**JACOBEOAN Regd. GLASSWARE**  
Clayton Mayers & Company Limited, London N.W.2

CV3-41



## The 'Prestige' Egg Beater

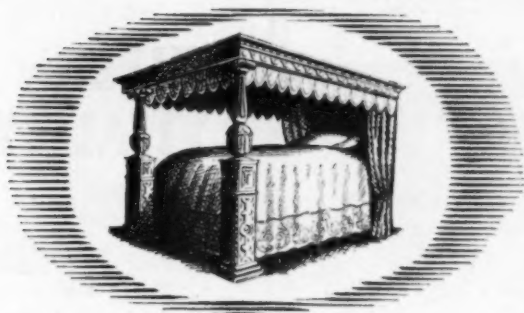
If he wants to whip up a little concoction of his own choosing—let him! Hand him the new streamlined 'Prestige' Egg Beater. Once he twirls its gears—feels the way it goes about its business—he's a make-believe present-day Escoffier... The big stainless steel blades... die-cast gears... and high speed action actually give mixer results by hand, yet, glory be, won't tire the arm! Sold at all better stores.



**Prestige**

EGG BEATER





## ARE YOU YEARS BEHIND WITH YOUR SLEEP?

**D**ID you know that for over twenty years an ever increasing number of people have been buying Dunlopillo mattresses and finding them wonderfully satisfactory? Today, with everything costing more, their advantages are all the more worth studying. The superb comfort and healthful sleep offered by a Dunlopillo mattress are *unique* because Dunlopillo is made of soft, foamy latex. Dunlopillo is completely porous so that it actually breathes, and thus *never gets 'hot,' never gets damp.* What is more, Dunlopillo is the most *economical* mattress you can buy because there is nothing to break or wear out. Dunlopillo never needs turning or remaking; it does not sag or get lumpy. It makes no dust and saves housework. The plain fact is that you are years behind with your sleep if you don't sleep on Dunlopillo. There is nothing 'just as good'—see the name on the mattress.



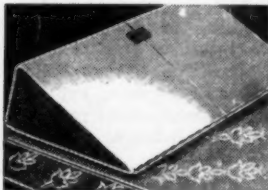
Awarded the 'Good Housekeeping' Seal

# DUNLOPILLO

The full story of Dunlopillo is worth reading. Send today for fully illustrated literature

**IMPORTANT** SEE THE NAME ON THE MATTRESS

**INSIST ON DUNLOPILLO**



### Extra Comfort

with the Dunlopillo adjustable bolster which can be used flat (as illustrated) or folded for extra comfort while resting or reading.



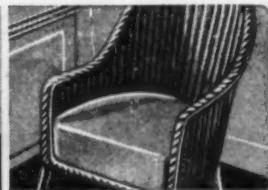
### Baby

deserves a Dunlopillo mattress. The hygienic latex foam is built to a special density for ideal support.



### Loose Cushions

Put Dunlopillo loose cushions on your favourite chairs and sofas for extra comfort. When buying a new chair or lounge suite, make sure that it has Dunlopillo upholstery — for nothing else can give you real Dunlopillo luxury and long life.



DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9. LONDON: 19/20 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

**FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY**

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## 'General'

**insurance overseas**

### THE EXPORT STORY

The insurance 'exports' of the 'General' play a valuable part in British economy, bringing to Great Britain the dollar earnings so necessary for our industry and trade. Now the second largest dollar earner amongst British Insurance Companies, the 'General' continues to increase its overseas business thanks

to a policy of independent underwriting, and to quick decisions and fair claims settlements.

Incidentally, the 'General's' world-wide premium income of £23,600,000\* for Fire, Accident and Marine insurance is in keeping with its position right in the front rank of the big British Companies.

\*1949 figures

## General

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH, SCOTLAND · GENERAL BUILDINGS, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

Famous for all classes of Insurance

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**Be wise... buy**  
**Wisdom** REGD.

**BECAUSE...** Wisdom toothbrushes have a correctly shaped handle. They're made to help you get into every crevice, even the hardest to reach. No wonder more dentists favour the Wisdom shape than that of any other toothbrush. Nylon (Round-ended), 1/11d., Natural Bristle, 2/9d.

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., OF HERTFORD

## SUPER VITALITY

and how...



How fit you *used* to feel!... and now...? Undue fatigue, depression, lack of energy often show that you need the seven essential vitamins and three minerals which 'Supavite' provides. The combination of minerals with vitamins in 'Supavite' is necessary to obtain the fullest nutritional value. Body, nerves and brain all benefit and resistance to infection is greatly increased. At Chemists everywhere.

*Angiers*  
**SUPAVITE**  
CAPSULES REGD.

5/- per box for 15 days' supply.

**TWO A DAY...**



provide a full day's supply of vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D, E and Nicotinamide, in the correct proportions, plus Iron, Phosphorus and Calcium, in a form the system readily absorbs.

The Angier Chemical Company Ltd. 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

For  
**Colds**  
use the  
**VAPEX**  
INHALER



1/6

Whether you have a cold or wish to avoid infection, always carry a Vapex Inhaler with you. In handbag or pocket it is unobtrusive and always convenient. Breathe the pleasant antiseptic vapour frequently, especially when indoors.

**VAPEX-VOLATOL Chest Rub**

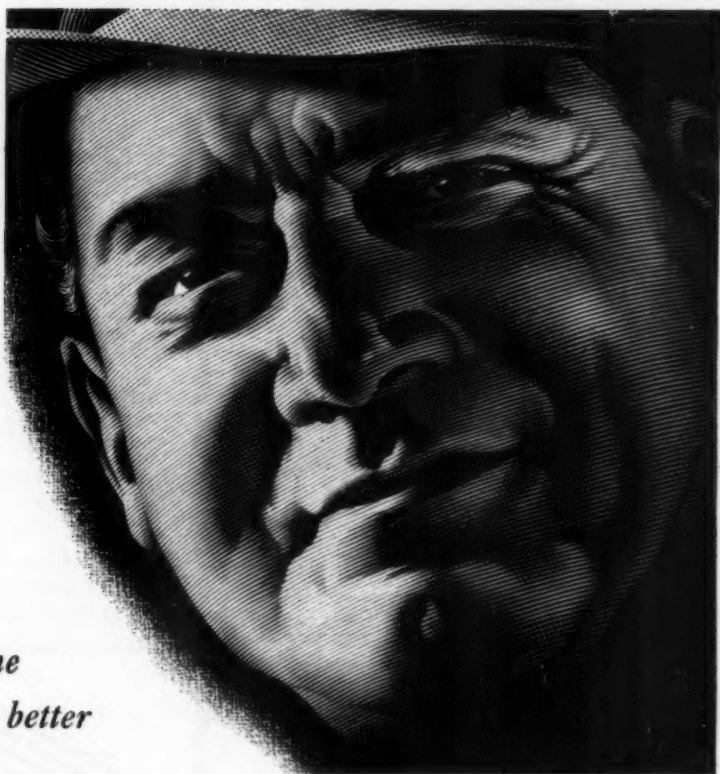
For Chest Colds, here is Vapex in ointment form — non-greasy and non-staining. It warms, soothes and penetrates.

Of all Chemists

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD



1/9



*'But surely some  
antiseptics are better  
than others?'*

'Of course there are differences: it could hardly be otherwise. Certainly it is not mere chance that Dettol is used and recommended by almost every doctor in the country.'

**'DETTOL'**

The Safe Way to Safety whenever and wherever  
infection threatens in your own home.

"I'll have a  
Gin and **VOTRIX**"



There's a subtlety about a Gin and Votrix, providing you mix it in the right proportions. Most people stick to two-thirds Gin and one-third Votrix, Sweet or Dry, according to taste. Try it!



"I'd like one too!"

VOTRIX Sweet 10/- Dry 12/6

**high time  
to think of travel...**

A change of air would do you good. Conditions are just fine whether for business or pleasure, and a luxurious KLM airliner is waiting to speed you wherever you want to go. With KLM it's comfort first and fast all the way.

Reservations from all Air Travel Agents or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202, 4 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. (Tel.: SLO 3488) and at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

**KLM**  
ROYAL DUTCH  
AIRLINES

**TO EUROPE**  
Frequent services to all principal cities. Special excursion fares.



## BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*

## BLACK AND WHITE

*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**

2 oz. tin 9/5





**BLICKLING HALL.** (Property of the National Trust)

**SITUATED** some twelve miles north of Norwich, Blickling Hall is one of the most remarkable of English country houses. The first sight of it satisfies the most romantic conception of an historic English house—

expansive lawns, yew hedges and, at the end of a straight vista, the rose-bricked hall, crocened by the fantastic tiers of a clock tower. A bridge and moat complete this picture of a great house built in the grandest manner of its period.

Martins Bank will be pleased to give advice and help on financial problems arising out of home and overseas trade, through the undermentioned Foreign Branches, or at any branch of the Bank.

## MARTINS BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2.

London Foreign Branch.  
Liverpool Foreign Branch.  
Manchester Foreign Branch:

66 LOMBARD ST., E.C.3.  
4 WATER STREET, 2.  
47 SPRING GARDENS, 2.



Hole out . . .

Or in other words, with generous reinforcement at such wear points as heel and toe, these TOOTAL Socks do keep holes and darning out of your life for longer than you'd think possible. While at the same time EPILOX brand non-felting wool which retains its softness and resists shrinking brings more comfort in. And as a complete assurance they carry the TOOTAL guarantee. Choice of plain shades. 14/11 a pair including purchase tax

# TOOTAL SOCKS

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD ST. MANCHESTER 1

## The Staff-work of Banqueting

**E**VEN THE DINING PUBLIC has little idea of the wealth of behind-the-scenes preparation in kitchen and cellar which alone makes possible a successful function. The accumulated experience of the Connaught Rooms in this highly specialised field is unequalled anywhere in the world. No other city possesses such an institution as this group of banqueting rooms, all housed under a single roof. At the Connaught Rooms there is the certainty of good food and fine wines served to perfection, whether the gathering is an intimate dozen friends or a gala occasion for a thousand guests.

## CONNAUGHT ROOMS

are

*Banqueting Rooms*

### First in design

Complete interchangeability of type-unit, carriage and platen plus many new features.

### performance

Distinctive work of unequalled legibility. Clear carbon copies and fine stencils.

### value

Built to give the long service always associated with Imperial Typewriters.

## Imperial MODEL 60



Made throughout in Leicester by the Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd.  
There is an Imperial agent in every large town.



It takes a mixture of many years' flying experience,



navigation skill, great technical knowledge



and all-round efficiency to make up the average



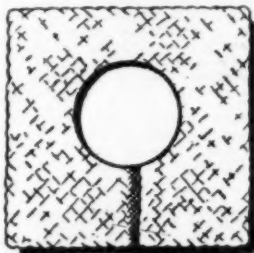
BEA air crew. **fly BEA**

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

## IMAGINE THIS IS A STRAWBERRY



IT is unblemished by slugs or grit. You can always pick fruit like this if only you will use **STRAWBMATS** instead of loose, untidy straw. You will also get them earlier. Why not **CHEAT THE SLUGS** and trap the sun's heat? Obtain from your local dealer.



30/- for 36 12 in. mats.  
45/- for 36 18 in. mats.  
60/- for 36 21 in. mats.  
81/- for 36 24 in. mats.

or, if time does not press, send S.A.E. for our beautiful folder\* to

**STRAWBERRY  
PROTECTION CO.,**

**98, LANIVET, BODMIN, CORNWALL.**

\* After seeing this you will realise the advantages of Strawbmats in a flash—they should last you for 5 years!

(2)

convalescing— as the days  
go by — you feel the good  
health that comes from  
drinking **Keystone**  
**Australian Burgundy**

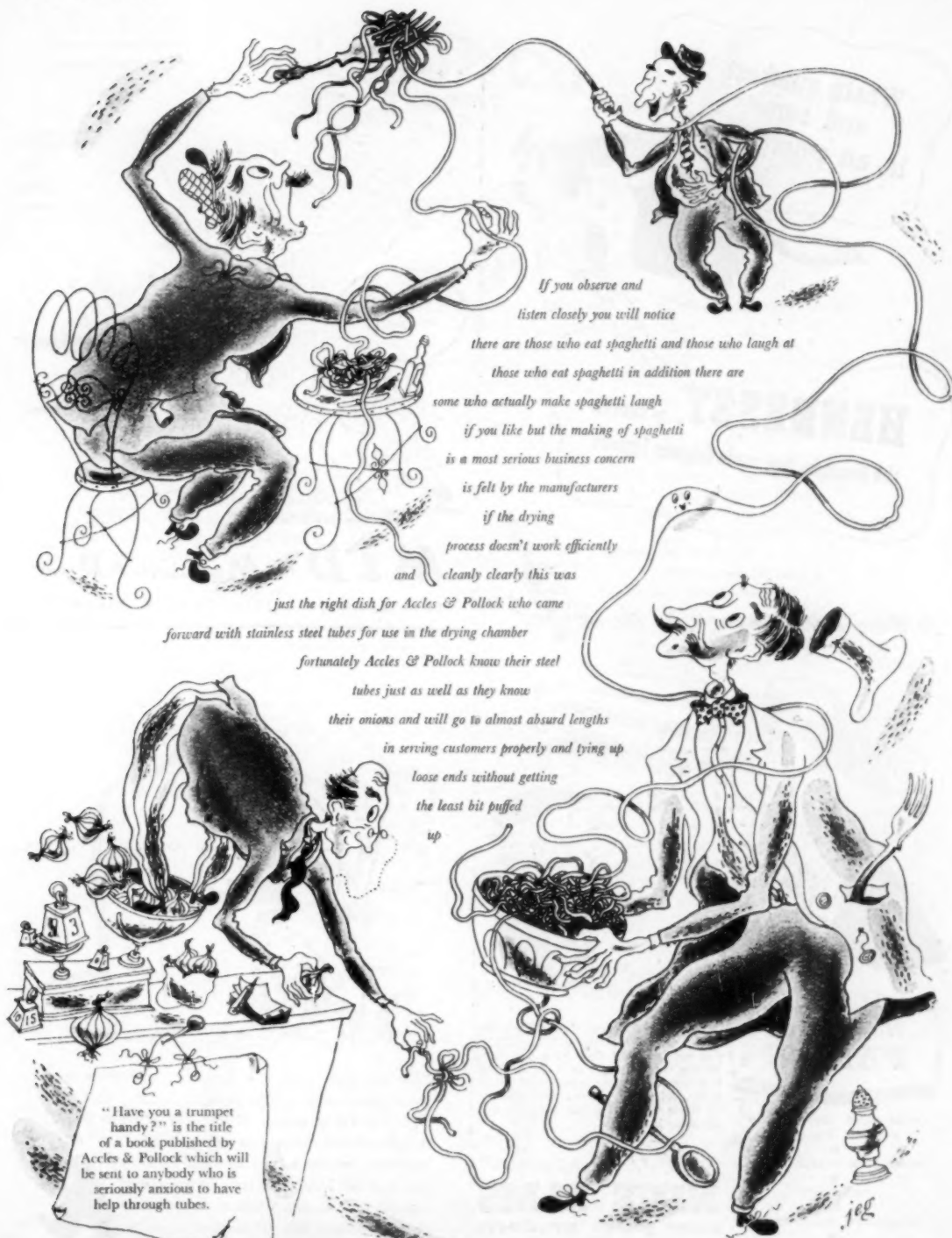
## KEYSTONE AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

Now only  
11/6 a flagon  
5/9 a half flagon  
6d. extra deposit  
(returnable) on both sizes



**The good wine that  
makes every meal a banquet**

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3. (9)



If you observe and  
listen closely you will notice  
there are those who eat spaghetti and those who laugh at  
those who eat spaghetti in addition there are  
some who actually make spaghetti laugh  
if you like but the making of spaghetti  
is a most serious business concern  
is felt by the manufacturers  
if the drying  
process doesn't work efficiently  
and clearly clearly this was  
just the right dish for Accles & Pollock who came  
forward with stainless steel tubes for use in the drying chamber  
fortunately Accles & Pollock know their steel  
tubes just as well as they know  
their onions and will go to almost absurd lengths  
in serving customers properly and tying up  
loose ends without getting  
the least bit puffed  
up

"Have you a trumpet  
handy?" is the title  
of a book published by  
Accles & Pollock which will  
be sent to anybody who is  
seriously anxious to have  
help through tubes.

What's quickest  
and surest  
in an emergency?



**HENNESSY**, of course,  
the Brandy that made Cognac famous

As a liqueur, as a beverage,  
as a safe and quick stimulant,

Hennessy Brandy is unequalled.

*Is there a Hennessy in the House?*



"I said  
Nine Elms—  
**PAINT!**"

NINE ELMS WHITE LEAD  
PAINT & COLOURS

NINE ELMS WATER PAINT

CEILINGITE

FARMILOE'S HARD GLOSS

NINE ELMS VARNISHES

If you say "paint"—paint  
it is! If you say "NINE ELMS PAINT"  
you get the finest Pure Paint Products  
in the world, made in a century-old  
tradition of lasting beauty and dura-  
bility. NINE ELMS is always specified  
by those who know that the only true  
economy is Quality.

*T. & W. Farmlow's*  
**NINE ELMS**  
pure paint products

A TRADE MARK AS GOOD AS A BOND  
T. & W. Farmlow Ltd. Rochester Row, London, S.W.1



**M & D = Meredith & Drew**

THE MARK OF DISTINCTION IN BISCUITS



In a changing world it is comforting to reflect upon  
those things which remain happily constant. That fresh  
air is still free to breathe, if you know where to find it;  
that flowers still bloom in the spring, though the 'tra la'  
may have become a trifle tarnished; that a  
man may still indulge his taste for fine crafts-  
manship and seasoned leather in the shape  
of an occasional pair of excellent shoes by

**K**





## CHARIVARIA

"STYLES in men's clothes for 1951 are much the same," says a tailor, "except that there is a trend to omit the turn-ups from the trousers." There will, we understand, be very little change in the pockets.

Milosh Ruzich, a Bosnian peasant, recently celebrated his one hundred and fifteenth birthday, says a Belgrade paper. He attributes his great age to strict political neutrality.

### Offensive Language

"Greek forces, after taking a hill position, repulsed four small scale counter-attacks by shouting and screaming Chinese during the afternoon."—"The Times"

Taxidermists are said to be complaining that they are having a very lean time of late. They never get a proper opportunity to do their stuff.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government and Planning said recently that nine local authorities had taken special powers to create smokeless zones. This will put the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his mettle.

"Spain has approved the revision of the Anglo-British commercial agreement which took place recently in London."

"Evening Standard"

Check!

British Railways are now liable at any moment to announce that as a long-term plan the additional trains put on for Easter must come off in time to be put on again as a concession at Whitsun which will be withdrawn in good time for them to be put on again before finally being taken off on account of the autumn crisis.

Asked by the police how he happened to be in a parked car on a lonely road at night with a trumpet, a pistol, a rifle and cartridges, a man from Pennsylvania explained that the firearms were to ward off anyone who might molest him while he played his trumpet. He was assuming, apparently, that the trumpet would be insufficient for this purpose.

"Everybody said it would be difficult to get into the Russian zone, but we went in without the slightest trouble," said Mr. Cohen.

"Birmingham Mail"

Who paid for lunch?

Why are there now so few music-halls in London's West End? asks a critic. Can it be that, if there were more, there would not be enough American acts to go round?



P



417



BOULET

## ODE TO SPRING

**B**ITTER-sweet spring, subversive, feminine spring,  
 If ever in my youth I sang your praise  
 In apt, traditional phrase,  
 Making birds sing and bells or something ring:  
 If in my green and salad days  
 I sang of rising sap and icy winter gone,  
 Pardon me if my rapture now appears  
 A little overdone,  
 And in the dubious doldrums of my middle years  
 I do the other thing  
 And let my mind dwell lovingly upon  
 Whole races of mankind who have no word for spring.

Sweet Flora never goes  
 Barefoot amid the eternal snows,  
 Nor proud-pied April treads her flowery way  
 Among the Eskimos,  
 Calling cuckoo, cuckoo  
 In every cold igloo  
 About the iron bounds of Baffin's Bay:

Nor in the tropics does the tyrant sun  
 Above the impenetrable roof of leaves  
 Hesitate in his course and on the bias run;  
 They do not know,  
 Who dwell below,  
 The changing season's smart,  
 Nor any ebony primitive perceives

The spring's cold fingers touch the blood about his heart:

But in the oppressive heat  
 Where only tom-toms beat  
 And lithe, unlikely creatures screech unseen,  
 Nor spring nor autumn comes,  
 Redolent with what might have been,  
 To change the ageless rhythm of the drums.

And why should we, to milder climates born  
 Under more changing skies,  
 Who nightly turn our anxious eyes  
 Southward to Cancer, north to Capricorn,  
 Be poised unstable, always insecure  
 In the world's ebb and flow,  
 We of the temperate zones alone endure  
 The anguish of the equinox, and know  
 This seasonal unrest as summers come and go?

And why particularly should it be  
 The unemployable age-group you distress?  
 Why, I insist, should we,  
 Who would go straight to summer if we could,  
 Bear at your hands a special bitterness  
 Most cruel and most fair?  
 Why should we have the worst of it? Why should  
 Spring in the air and autumn in the blood  
 Be more than flesh can bear?

P. M. HUBBARD



## The Festival of Punch

**T**HE face of Britain has changed a great deal in the hundred years that divide the Festival of Britain from the Great Exhibition of 1851—and the face of *Punch* has changed in sympathy with it. "The Festival of Punch," to be published on April 30, reflects the developments that have marked this epoch both in the social and political history of the country, and in the manner of their presentation in this paper.

In addition to this "historical" section the issue will contain "The Bouverie Street Exhibition," in which Mr. Punch deploys his own display of "Domes" and "Palaces," and "The Festival Charivari," in which he ranges at large over a Britain devoted to making the most of itself.

"The Festival of Punch" will have sixteen pages in full colour and over a hundred in black-and-white, and will be published at 2s. Postal subscribers will receive their copies in the normal way, without special application. Readers who order *Punch* locally are advised to place an order with their newsagents without delay, as the number of copies will be strictly limited.





"WHAT ABOUT A SMALL ROAR?"



*"I hope you'll excuse the place being in such a mess."*

### SITTING ROOM VACANT

**I** WASN'T such an optimistic ass as to put my hat and coat on, but I had brought them into the drawing-room ready for a quick getaway. Outside in the hall the voice I love so well had assumed its false, telephone brightness.

"Auntie Baggy? Hello, Auntie Baggy, this is—but how clever of you to guess! My husband and I were wondering if you could possibly..."

Separating two half-crowns from my small change I planted them in a prominent position on the mantelpiece; undoubtedly one of the worst features of the baby-sitting age is the coy handing over of the fee. Mrs. Bagford would find it all right—if it was to be Mrs. Bagford tonight; I hoped not, in a way: it

seems rather grasping to me to leave your husband to sit with your own children while you go and sit with other people's. But we always try her first, because she washes up the high-tea things, whereas some village aunts would let the house burn down rather than exceed their minimum obligations. However, it now sounded rather as if we'd had Auntie Baggy...

"... But of course not, Auntie Baggy; I mean, if your husband's away you can't possibly... Yes, I believe it's a very good picture; we didn't want to miss—What? Oh, no, I quite understand. Er—how are the children?... Oh, I'm so sorry... yes... yes... No! Really?... yes... yes... yes..."

There seemed no point in wasting time. I might as well get on with washing up the high-tea things. In the kitchen, through the plop and gurgle of water and the crash of capsized sink-tidies, I could hear the clash of new engagements in the hall. Auntie Caggy (ex-Nurse Cagthorpe) seemed to be in bed, though I couldn't gather with what, in spite of what appeared to be long medical details from her sister Mrs. Gorringer; Mrs. Gorringer has never been elevated to the auntsage; she declines to undertake sitting assignments "in case a man comes to the door."

There was no reply from Pinthorne 2, which no doubt meant that Miss Catskill (Auntie Pussy) was sitting for the Grittlestones, who



had told us that afternoon that they were dying to see *The Man with Blue Teeth*, wouldn't miss it for worlds. That would bring us to Miss Gimbell (Auntie Gimmy) . . .

" . . . you *must* be proud of her, Auntie Gimmy—and such a stiff exam. too! Let's see, that's your niece's little girl, isn't it—Hilda . . . Yes, Gilda . . . Oh, it's the *other* one. Well, you *will* all be basking in reflected glory . . . Oh, you're so right, Auntie Gimmy, we *do* need something to cheer us up these days. As a matter of fact, that brings me to why I'm ringing you up . . . Oh, but how clever of you to guess, ha-ha-ha! I'm afraid it's terribly short notice, but my husband and I thought of slipping out to the pictures and we— Oh, Oh, I see . . . But, of *course*, I understand . . . Yes . . . Only I thought it was Thursdays you went to the Digbury children . . . Oh, well, that explains it . . . No, I don't think you did tell me what little Melanie said in the bathroom . . . Oh, yes, *please* do . . ."

As I glanced at the racing kitchen clock and resignedly wrote off the supporting picture as a dead loss I heard a familiar bleat from the top of the house. Taking a glass of water I slowly ascended the stairs on my errand of stern mercy. When I came down again I could hear that we had our backs to the wall; the voice was high and brittle now.

" . . . and very nice to hear *your* voice, too, Auntie Froggy; how are you?" A fatal question with Miss Frogmore. "You did? . . . you didn't! Oh, what a shame, I'm so sorry . . . Yes, it *is* painful, I know. Last winter when my husband was painting the— Oh, dear, both ankles? . . . Right into the bucket, did you . . .? Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . really? . . . Yes . . ."

I hung on for a minute, reluctant to give up all hope, but when the conversation wandered to the Old People's Outing, and the whereabouts of a two-shilling subscription which the tall Miss Whibley claimed to have handed to Mrs. Homily before she was succeeded in the Treasurership by Auntie Froggy, I gathered up my hat and coat and made for the hall.

The voice I love so well hung up the receiver and sat on the bottom stair. When the telephone went again almost immediately I answered it.

"Oh, hello, Auntie—er—Baggy," I said. "No, I'm afraid we didn't manage to get anybody . . . no, I'm afraid we shan't be able to see it after all . . . Oh, very good indeed, so I'm told . . . oh, well, we shall just have an evening at home, you

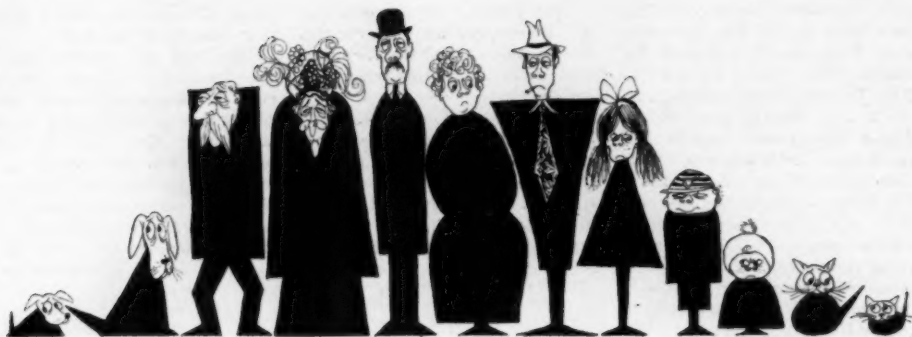
know; after all, we—what's that? . . . would one of us *what*? . . ."

Her logic was unassailable, of course, as I tried to explain to the voice I (sometimes) love so well, getting into my hat and coat. I only hoped that Mrs. Bagford would plant the two half-crowns in a prominent position on the mantelpiece; undoubtedly one of the worst features of the baby-sitting age is the coy handing over of the fee.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



"Dash it! I forgot to put our address."



## NUMBERING THE PEOPLE

**H**ERE on this page you can see a representative British family as they appear to the Registrar-General from their Census return. The names of people filling in Census returns may on no account be divulged; so, following the current practice of the day, we will call them the Census family. Later on we may also refer to C Day.

On some day this week an enumerator will deliver to the Census family a schedule. There are some sixty thousand enumerators working on the Census altogether, including ten thousand in Scotland. Unless the population of Scotland has doubled since the 1931 Census, an eventuality which would set the whole of Somerset House a-twitter with excitement, this seems to indicate that a Scottish enumerator can look after only half as many people as an English one. This *may* be due to fanatical resistance in the Gorbals; or it may have some connection with physical geography.

The enumerators, keen volunteers all, are responsible to Census Officers, usually appointed from the ranks of the Registrars of Births and Deaths; they in turn are responsible to Census Advisory Officers, and so on up to Somerset House, where lives the Registrar-General, the functionary who looks after Censuses. He has had no chance to look after one since 1931, on account of the war; normally they take place every ten years, and have done so since the first passing of the Census Act in 1801.

However, we are forgetting the Census family.

Mr. Census will be responsible for completing the schedule. It is the only chance he is ever likely to have to describe himself as Head of the Household. If he ever told little Tommy Census (one of the small ones over on the right) that by heaven he was the Head of this Household and it was high time, etc., etc., Tommy would splutter with laughter until smacked, regretfully, by Mrs. Census.

But on a Census form you can say—indeed you must say—things like this and, what is more, your statements are inviolable. Tommy's big brother Fred Census, for example, is a cat-burglar by profession, and in

Column P, "Personal Occupation," he will enter "cat-burglar" quite truthfully, and no one can touch him. In fact a conscientious enumerator who passed on the knowledge to the police would himself be liable under the Census Act to imprisonment for up to two years, which (as Fred has it) would be a proper laugh.

Moreover, if Fred, well knowing himself to be a cat-burglar, showed himself as (say) a taxidermist's mate he would be liable to a ten-pound fine. However, in practice it is Mrs. Census who is most likely to give false information. "Why should I tell them what my age is?" she keeps asking indignantly. "It's none of their business."

It is, though. All sorts of people want to know the breakdown of the population by age-groups, not only so that they can draw Christmas trees (like that in the northeast corner of the next page) to put into Government papers, but so that they can estimate how many people qualify for blue ration books, old age pensions, two years' conscription, and so on. When it is a question of Mrs. Census cashing her post-war credits she will not be so cov-

However, if she is quite determined to avoid telling, she has two alternatives: she can refuse, pay her fine, and so become immune; or she can take a week-end trip to Boulogne. People out of the country, no matter how temporarily, on the night 8/9 April have no interest for the Registrar-General.



Grandfather Census is normally a vagrant, and in common with all other vagrants, he would normally have been apprehended by the Police on C Day (there!) and returned with the other inhabitants of the lock-up, but he decided to visit his son that night. Grandfather is a bit of a wag, and is likely to show his age as one hundred and twenty, and his profession as "Prince of Wales." If he does, the enumerator who collects the form on C Day + 1 will tactfully persuade him to substitute something more informative.

Although the present Census marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first Census Act and corresponds with the Festival of Britain, no undue levity, no joy-bells or bluebirds on the form, will be introduced. The fact is that Censuses are, for some obscure reason, traditionally associated with woe. There are even conscientious objectors to Censuses, and in 1753 the fear was expressed in the House of Commons that a proposed Census would be followed by "some great public misfortune or epidemical disaster," and the project was abandoned. Objectors usually base their arguments on I Chronicles XXI: why they cannot turn back to Numbers 1 and bid their consciences be still, goodness only knows.

However, the enumerators are under instructions to be "courteous and conciliatory," with a tendency towards *I wonder if these figures are quite correct?* rather than *the old trout must be sixty if she's a day*. Brimful of courtesy, they will bear away the Census family's return with its thousand fellows to the local

Census Office, and there a preliminary count will be made, divided into males and females. The results of this will be published about the first week in June.

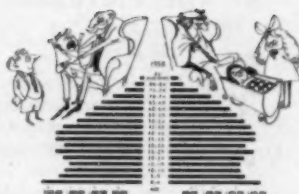
For all later stages of the Census the information in the schedules is transferred to cards in counting and sorting machines, and individuals as such cease to exist. (The only point in ever having had the names on the forms at all was to avoid duplication and to ensure that—for example—Tommy Census was not returned as a female.)

It is transferred in the form of small punched holes like the music on a pianola roll. Each hole, or



combination of holes, represents a characteristic—male, out of work, living at Muswell Hill, and so on.

By being fed into the sorting machines these cards can be separated into classes of extreme particularity. If someone wants the number of married capstan operators living with their wives in

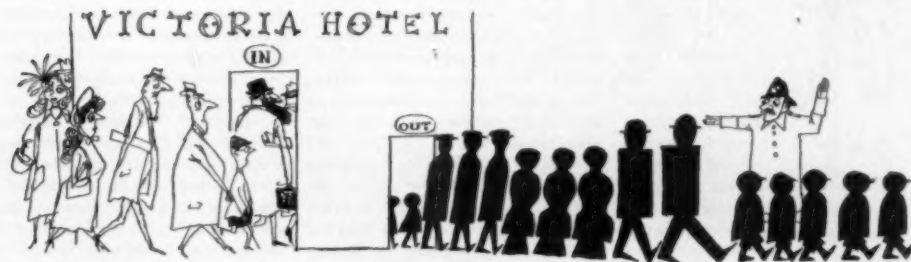


Hove, the machine just runs through the Sussex cards with its "sensing unit" at the rate of six hundred a minute and separates those required. Or it can separate them into age-groups, or any other kind of groups; and as if that weren't enough, there are machines which can not only do all this but print the results of the count as it goes along in a dozen columns at a time.

But even with all this machinery—there are nine sorters, and seven "printing-counting sorters," besides no fewer than a hundred and twenty-five punching machines, all housed in the Victoria Hotel at Blackpool; and Scotland has more yet at Edinburgh, and Northern Ireland at Belfast—the full results of the Census will not be available for some five years. They will be published piecemeal over this period, the last volume to come being the *General Report*, which has it all.

Meanwhile the original schedules will have been locked away in some deep cellar to moulder until they are destroyed by rats, bombs or the agents of the Registrar-General. The whole thing will have cost the tax-payers about £1,250,000 or approximately sixpence a head—if, that is, our estimate of the population is approximately correct.

B. A. YOUNG



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Browning Version*  
*Lights Out*

**T**HAT *The Browning Version* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH) consists essentially of an excellent acting performance by

MICHAEL REDGRAVE is hardly to be contested, but it offers a great deal besides. TERENCE RATTIGAN has expanded his short play into a film of average feature length, and the additional scope is well used. There are classroom scenes in the school that are reminiscent, with the natural difference of emphasis, of those in the Swedish film *Frenzy*; and also reminiscent of *Frenzy* is the opening, which introduces us to the school by following the headlong progress of a boy late for morning prayers. But that difference of emphasis is all-important, for of course our sympathies here are engaged less on the side of the wincing pupils than on that of the embittered master. It is the profoundly disappointed, humourless Andrew Crocker Harris of the stifled emotions and the precise finicking enunciation who is the dominating pathetic figure in this story, and Mr. REDGRAVE's portrait of him is first-rate. The climax, when a kindly-disposed boy gives him as a parting present "the Browning version" of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus (of which Crocker Harris had himself started a translation

in his brilliant, hopeful youth) is genuinely moving. I'm not quite happy about the later scene at the speech day, where we are asked to believe that sympathetically loud and even enthusiastic applause follows the retiring master's—let's face it—thoroughly uncharacteristic public confession of all-round

failure; even if this were convincing, it would be wrong, I think, because it provides another kind of climax. But the picture as a whole is a distinguished and entertaining one, giving good acting opportunities to other people in smaller parts and successfully capturing the atmosphere and "feel" of an enclosed community.

*Lights Out* (Director: MARK ROBSON) deals with the rehabilitation of the war-blinded soldier in very much the same way as *The Men* dealt with the rehabilitation of the paraplegic, but it is far more emotionally "hoked up" and so, I think, proportionately less successful. The excess of emotionalism is quite needless too, for the theme is bound to make its own powerful impression . . . but I suppose the idea was to provide "the passionate joys of a great love story" because the true theme was unlikely to look well in the language of publicity. The narrative plan is the same as in *The Men*: opening with the war episode in which the principal character received his crippling wound, it proceeds, by way of the hospital where he is taught to overcome his bitterness and to fend for himself, to his problems in dealing with the outside world—particularly

his girl at home and her parents, and his own parents. The most interesting part of the picture is the detailed exposition of the hospital routine, from the teaching of such simple necessary habits as walking with the left arm raised to the experiments in "obstacle perception." ARTHUR KENNEDY is very good as the blind man, progressively happier as he finds new ways to conquer his trouble, and PEGGY DOW does as well as possible with her half of the "great love story." There are many well-handled small parts and a great deal too much richly-orchestrated "dramatic" music.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is in London a version of *Clochemerle* (in French) which has very good moments but is marred by a badly-written, laboriously-spoken American commentary and an audience absolutely set on showing continuous rapture (Oo, look at us being broad-minded).

Releases include *Raiders* (14/3/51), a Western with exceptionally good convincing detail, and *The Mating Season* (21/2/51), a sentimental domestic comedy lifted above the ordinary by THELMA RITTER's performance.

RICHARD MALLETT



(The Browning Version)

## Melpomene and the Dominie

Andrew Crocker Harris—MICHAEL REDGRAVE; Frank Hunter—NIGEL PATRICK  
Milly Crocker Harris—JEAN KENT



[Lights Out]

Miss Lucifer  
Judy Green—  
PEGGY DOW

## NURSERIES FEAR MEAT RATION INCREASE

THE rumour—regarded now as a certainty by the more emotional of those of us in the under-teenage-groups—that the meat ration will shortly be increased, has spread like wildfire from tricycle to tricycle in the park, and has even seeped under the hoods of prams.

The more level-headed and experienced nursery dwellers—pedal car owners and pyjama-folders—are awaiting more tangible evidence in the shape of larger helpings on the plate at dinner, and are not inclined to pay too much heed to the notoriously unreliable high-chair tattle; nevertheless, the Pudding Refusers Society is making plans now to meet the threatened emergency—lest they be caught with their feeders down.

A prominent member of the Society speaking from his scooter advised against panic. He pointed out that when the meat ration had been reduced some time ago the dinner-eating public had certainly found that less meat was heaped on its plate, but to counterbalance this the managements, i.e. parents, had seized the opportunity to increase the supplies of such frightful things as carrots, prunes, and rice pudding. And that he himself had not received the impression that dinners, taken as a whole, had since then decreased in quantity. And further, that the point at issue—would this rumour, if true, mean a return to the old conditions of "Well-it's-dinner-or-bed" or even "The-one-who's-finished-first-gets-a-toffee"?—was not really affected.

This statement was not particularly well received; and it was pointed out forcibly by a member of the Nursery Tantrummers Association that the cut in the meat ration had gone some distance towards easing the tension between the managements and diners; and that, if what people who had their ear to the carpet said was true, all age-groups could look forward only to a resumption of nerve-wearing threats, one-sided arguments, and—in some cases—actual physical force. Much

had been done recently (he said) to educate the parental mind on what was the best diet for nursery workers; and it would be disheartening in the extreme if the threat of more unwanted food were to undo the good work done by such propaganda as "I-could-eat-blancmange-all-day-couldn't-you-Mummy." And the speaker ended on a thoughtful note by inquiring whether we had really any idea how the children in the Argentine lived.

One clear fact, however, does emerge from the mass of often hysterical opinion on the subject—we shall have to adopt an entirely new system of tactics to meet the blow when it falls. The old "but-I-have-a-peculiar-pain-in-my-

mouth" stuff will no longer meet the case; and more subtle and effective means, such as an apparently self-sacrificing approach, the "I-do-think-you-should-keep-my-chop-for-daddy-he-looks-hungry" and the square deal or give-and-take method—"If-I-help-you-to-lay-the-cloth-Nannie-will-you-let-me-off-with-gravy"—must come up for serious consideration.

But even the most optimistic among us cannot help dreading the Ordeal by Sunday Dinner even more than we do now. And the park as a whole waits for a master mind who will devise a way of keeping fathers from turning what should be a well-conducted meal into a kind of vulgar shouting match.





## THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOK

IT is good to think that playing-cards were first introduced into Europe by the gipsies; but unfortunately it is not true. The Chinese are also said to have invented them, just as they invented everything else. It is a baseless rumour.

The fact is that playing-cards are the invention of the Devil. Popular tradition is quite correct in this matter, as in so many others. The Devil invented them in Rome, in the fourteenth century. He was spending a few years in Rome at the time; and, after he had finished corrupting Rienzi and had had him bumped off by the mob, he found time hanging heavily on his hands. Italy was in a satisfactorily dreadful state, what with Guelphs, Ghibellines, despots, hereditary oligarchs and what not; and the Devil had no need to take a hand in this. His work was all being done for him by mankind in general; so he looked round for some new game.

Delegating all his other current work to subordinates, he retired to a small room above a pastrycook's on the lower slopes of the Quirinal, and began to think quietly. The pastrycook knew him only as the dark gentleman upstairs, and took him for some sort of artist; but the oven was uncomfortably hot the whole time he was there. Still, he was a quiet lodger. He fiddled around all day with paints, but they were used to that in Rome; and except for the occasional smell of singeing when he was inspired, the pastrycook had no cause for complaint.

It took the Devil twelve years to invent playing-cards, and even then he got them wrong. He is not very efficient, but then, the human race being what it is, he has no need to be. His original packs had seventy-eight cards, and twenty-two of these bore fancy pictures symbolic of human vicissitudes. These were the ones that became known as Tarot cards because they had criss-cross lines on the back. They have continued to be of some use to fortune-tellers and to Mr. T. S. Eliot, who refers to some of the more cheerful ones such as The Hanged Man and

Death-by-Water, in his poem "The Waste Land"; but otherwise they passed out of general use within a century or two.

The remaining cards achieved a great popularity, though it was soon found that the Devil's idea of having fourteen cards in every suit was a typically bad one. The fourth court card, the Chevalier, was discarded by all except the Germans, who dropped the Queen instead, being patriarchal by temperament. The Germans also introduced all kinds of heretical suits like bells, leaves and acorns.

As for the Devil, he had had enough of cards during his stay above the pastrycook's. He went out into the world and took hold again of the strategic direction of affairs. Things played into his hands as usual. He inaugurated the Great Schism and soon had the nations split up into Urbanists and Clementines, and the Colonna and the Orsini buzzing about the streets of Rome hacking and hewing at each other to his heart's content.

Contrary to popular belief (which is occasionally, though rarely, wrong) the Devil took little interest in cards himself after he had invented them. He had other matters on his mind. But he again intervened in card-playing circles in the mid-nineteenth century, when he was visiting England for the Great Exhibition. He remained some time in the country, planning its future, and was able to attend to one or two small improvements to cards. He assisted one Dr. Normandy in the invention of the indicator system, by which small indices were placed at the corners of the cards so that their value could be seen more easily. He inspired the printers to develop a machine for rounding the corners, which had previously been sharp. Cards were heavily taxed; the Devil succeeded in having the tax lowered to threepence in 1862. Sales of cards leaped to such an extent that the threepenny tax produced more revenue than the shilling one used to. The Devil left these shores shortly afterwards, and has not found it necessary to return since.

Since that time the improvements to his picture-book have been carried out by his disciples, entirely unaided. Whist developed through bridge and auction into contract without so much as a whisper in a disciple's ear from the most junior of sub-demons. In the same unprompted way the art of playing halfpenny nap in railway carriages was brought to such a pitch that the average worker could win or lose up to five shillings on a ten-minute journey; innocent diversions like Happy Families were invented to lure the child into card-playing from an early age; the fruitful leisure hours of man were bedevilled and cast away by the ingenious follies of Patience; the innumerable malformed versions of Rummy gave birth in time to the abomination of Canasta. All these disasters were effected by purely human agencies, uninfluenced by any direct contact with the underworld.

Nevertheless, the intervention of infernal powers has often been suspected, and frequently demanded, by card-players. Last Saturday I myself, having drawn one to an open-ended straight and filled, only to find my opponent, who had drawn two, holding a flush—I myself required firmly of these powers that they should remove their picture-book, along with myself and what remained of my worldly goods, to any destination they cared to name; but my request remained unanswered. The Devil himself was doubtless too busy; and his underlings can carry out no requests of this kind without his written orders. The whole thing was of course the result of the operation of the laws of chance, which were invented a long time ago by the same gentleman and have functioned on the whole to his satisfaction ever since.

R. P. LISTER

"Some men in coal mines get silly coaxes."—*Schoolgirl's essay*  
"Incentives," please.



"The workmen have almost finished your pool, then?"



### AUTHOR AND CRITIC

DEAR MR. FORDWAY,—I was much interested in your article on my novels and wonder whether you could spare a moment to explain to me how it is that Stark Wilson in *Winter Vetch*, Walpole in *The Days of Good King George* and Lucy Pettigrew in *Time Hath* are all Father-Substitutes. Surely, the last-named would be a Mother-Substitute?

With apologies for taking up your time,

DUNCAN HOBBS

spare a moment for my little perplexities. I am sorry to seem stupid, but I cannot quite understand about my Father. He was a mild man, and it was always a job to get much stiffening into him. Many a time have I held his hand when bus conductors were brusque, and a harsh letter from the income tax would reduce him to tears.

Yours with sincerest regards,

DUNCAN HOBBS

DEAR MR. HOBBS,—I am very busy now and can spare only a moment to deal with your letter. Your unconscious mind, afraid of revealing that Lucy Pettigrew was a Father-Substitute, altered her sex to disguise it. Similarly, the village in *Breath o' Dawn* represents the Father of whom, as a child, you felt in awe.

Yours in haste,

LINCOLN FORDWAY

DEAR HOBBS,—It was repressed awe.

Yours, etc.,

LINCOLN FORDWAY

DEAR MR. FORDWAY,—Of course you have had much more experience than I in Literary Criticism, and I must bow to your judgment.

Could I trespass further on your good nature to inquire what exactly you meant by your remark that my greatest debt was to Joyce? I had not, until I saw

DEAR MR. FORDWAY,—It was very kind of you to

your article, read any of this writer—I fear my education is sadly to seek—but having now dipped into his work I find it very different from my own.

Yours apologetically,

DUNCAN HOBB

DEAR HOBB,—I am beginning to wish I had never written about you at all. Joyce, whether or not you personally have read him, is part of the intellectual climate of the age you live in. All modern novelists are influenced by Forster or Joyce. You are influenced by Joyce. The dialect in *Winter Vetch* with its distortion of words and transposition of vowel-sounds is Joycean. Mr. Deed the postmaster in *Breath o' Dawn* recalls the name of Stephen Daedalus. Chapter XXXIV of *The Days of Good King George* takes place in Dublin; the scene where My Lady Molly drops her mob-cap in the Liffey is an echo of the Anna Livia Plurabelle section of *Finnegan's Wake*. I have with difficulty made time to give you a few elementary examples. I hope that these will satisfy you.

Yours, etc., etc., etc.,

LINCOLN FORDWAY

DEAR MR. FORDWAY,—You are indeed proving patient with my difficulties. Your helpful courtesy emboldens me to raise yet another point that puzzled me in your article. You said that Chucklesome Manor in my little jest *Chaps and Flappers* reflected the Predicament of Our Time. You also referred to the conflict of Group Loyalty and the Personal Search for Relevance. I was not conscious of any of these deeper meanings when engaged on the work; but, of course, I quite realize, now you have explained it to me, that a writer often speaks more truly than he knows.

What I find it hard to understand is that, to judge from your silence, none of the characters in the novel was a Father-Substitute. As Major Tracey-Whilbraham was an affectionate and accurate sketch of my own Father this seems odd.

Yours very appreciatively,

DUNCAN HOBB

DEAR HOBB,—If I spend much more time writing to you I shall have none left for Literary Criticism. Obviously, if the novel included a Father there was no need for a Father-Substitute.

Yours for the last time,

LINCOLN FORDWAY

DEAR MR. FORDWAY,—I will certainly not trouble you further; you have already put me so greatly in your debt. I have been at work on a series of tales for *The Little Ones* called *Mumsie's Effalunt*; but I am interrupting my labours to follow a course of intensive reading, as it will be so much more interesting to know what I am doing while I am actually doing it.

Yours in deepest gratitude,

DUNCAN HOBB

R. G. G. PRICE

## BACK ROOM JOYS

THINGS IN SETS

THINGS in sets—

The Outfit, the Kit, the Compendium,  
The "Complete in Wood/Hide/Metal Case"—  
There's no end of them,  
And aren't they all positive pets!  
Each little component  
Snug in its special compartment,  
So place-for-everything-and-everything-in its-place . . .

Of course, they make us feel neat,  
Being able to compete  
With such intricate packing:  
A faculty which we're often supposed to be lacking.  
But the chief joy reposes—  
From the Young Wizard's Box of Tricks  
To the case, blue morocco, of playing-cards, pencils  
and pads  
Of his dad's—  
In the way it clicks  
When it closes.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Right, sir. Now you're at the long fifteenth. There's a keen crosswind, slight drizzle and haze, the green's dead slow, and you're in a banging lie."



## YOICKS ST. VITUS

*Being the Second Instalment of a Probe into the Literary Village*

THE vicar of Yoicks St. Vitus, as we have already indicated, is a broad-minded cleric. He has to be. No man of narrow sectarian views could hope to deal with a cure of souls whose temporal activities so often fly in the face of convention. However, he admits that his lot is far happier than that of his grandfather, who held the living when the parish lay within the diocese of Barchester. In those days such divines as were not busy raising double-figure families on double-figure stipends were compelled to neglect their duties in order to hunt with dukes and back bills for impoverished baronets, while the

remainder lived in a welter of bitter intrigue over pieces of preferment.

The vicar has none of these troubles, but he is not without his burthen, one heavy ingredient of which is the high incidence of exhumation in Yoicks. These functions, which take place at night in circumstances of some gloom, the good man finds embarrassing, for all too often the person exhumed is not the person he, or his curate, had imagined themselves to be burying. And the detectives, lawyers and heirs gathered about the opened tombs depart, leaving the vicar alone to solve all the problems of canon law posed by the discovery.

His other principal worry is witchcraft. Apart from the occasional outbreaks of devil-worship to which Yoicks St. Vitus is subject, people rout him out of bed at midnight, and make him assist them in driving stakes into crossroads, cutting down sacred groves, and uprooting maypoles. It is not so much his lost sleep that the vicar resents as the fact that he is invariably detailed to carry the weightier items of equipment used on these expeditions—stakes, mattocks, sledgehammers and cross-cut saws.

To some minor disabilities he is perennially subject. A dedicated rowing man (Shrewsbury and



B.N.C. '04), he is compelled to play cricket, and it is a tradition that he bats number eleven, is not expected to make any runs, and if called upon to bowl must put down what are conventionally known as "the vicar's innocuous slows."

The popularity of the more erudite type of detective has added to the vicar's obligations. In the middle of writing a sermon he is frequently called away to unravel an obscure passage in the Vedas or to solve an acrostic in demotic Greek, the correct interpretation of which will bring some learned miscreant a step nearer to the gallows. The present incumbent, a sound classical scholar, cannot always repress a private smile at the pretensions to culture of those who consult him; and sometimes he sighs regretfully for the old days when people left simpler clues, such as visiting-cards and monogrammed cigarette-ends.

A good deal of the vicar's time is passed visiting the west wing of the Hall. (The east wing he never enters, for its chatelaine, Jezebel Fruit, née De Stoke, lives in the days of her youth when the parson ranked below the attorney and above the apothecary, and was expected to leave the dinner-table before the pudding.) Amongst the inhabitants of the west wing he is a popular figure. The vicar has his own views about this, and maintains that incessant tea-drinking, coupled with *ad hoc* tennis ("Oh, there's the vicar—he'll make up a four!") cannot but take a heavy toll in the end.

Conventionally, the vicar of Yoicks must have a son in residence at one of the two senior universities, in order that this youth may (i) turn up in the nick of time for the annual match against Lower Deeping, (ii) answer his country's call, and (iii) bring his old father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The vicar having only one son, and having held the living for some time, the position of Master Jack (now commencing his prescribed course of study for the seventh time) is becoming one of acute embarrassment. Whilst he has hitherto co-operated gladly in assignments (i)

and (ii) he is beginning to feel that his only hope of a normal life lies in (iii).

A comparatively wealthy man, the vicar is impatient with the strict rule that his car should always be decrepit. Only one thing annoys him more, and that is when he is deprived even of his Model T and issued with a bicycle, on which he "toils up the drive to the Hall." So deeply does he feel on this subject that he entertains, in moments of frailty, the idea that the arrival in his village of any of the authors

whose prey he is would offer him a fine opportunity of adding to the mysteries of the Hall library. After all, he would never be suspected. He never is.

(To be continued)

"Kitchen helper to work with cook in comfortable private house near Reading. Must be clean and cheerful. Elderly woman not clean objected to."

Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"

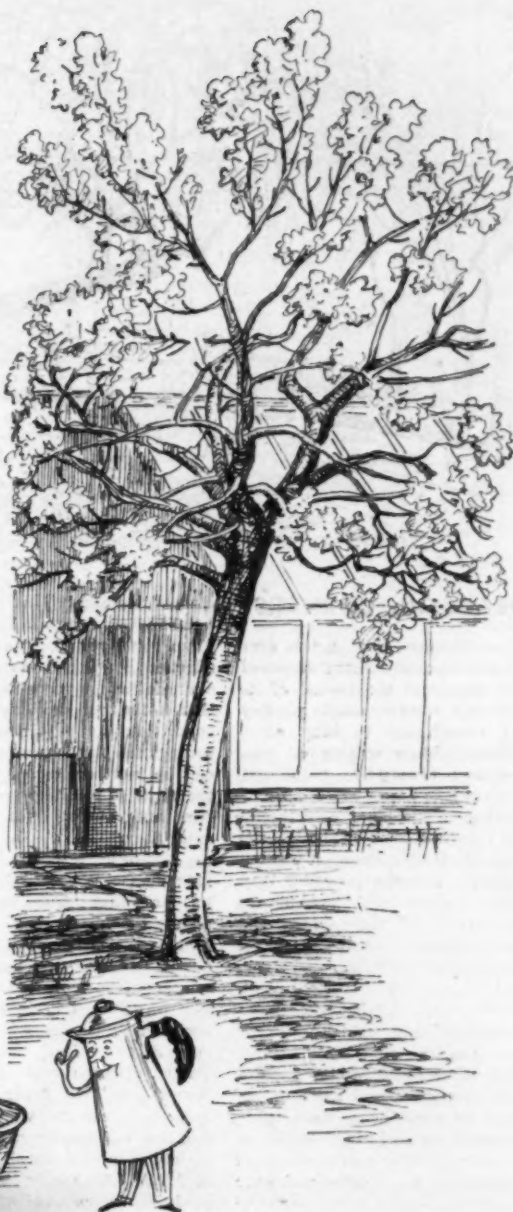
That seems reasonable enough.

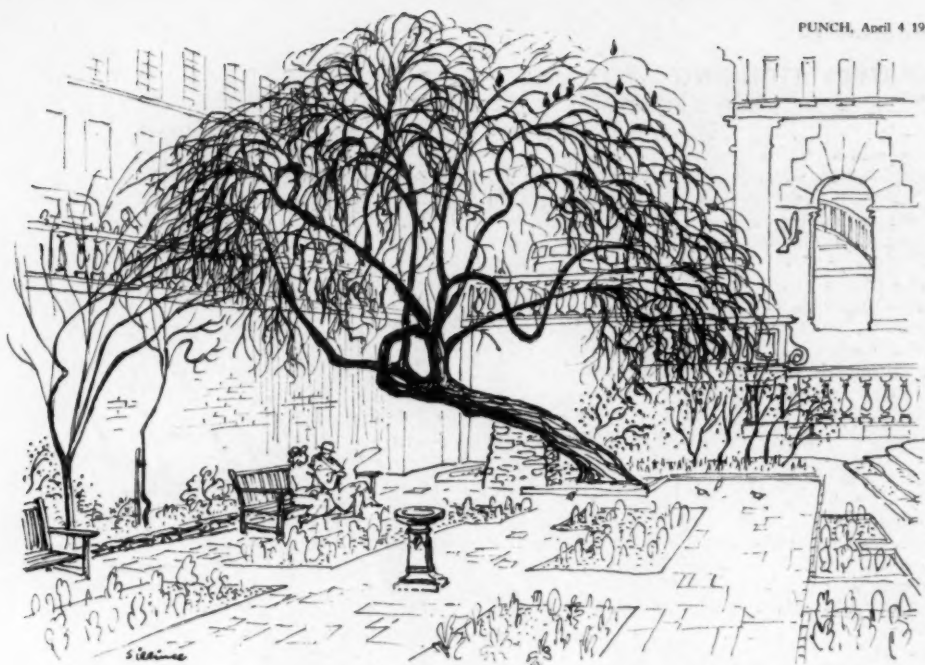




## WISTFUL THINKING

I WANT to wake up in a house I have never yet  
 been to—  
 I don't know its name—  
 And to lie for a minute admiring the print by the  
 fireplace  
 In its black and gold frame;  
 And then to perceive in the passage the tread of the  
 footman  
 Who is bringing the tea,  
 The tea and the thin bread-and-butter: he draws back  
 the curtains,  
 And at once I can see  
 That outside, though it's misty and crisp, it's a sun-  
 shiny morning:  
 It will be a fine day.  
 I decide on reflection to say, in response to his question,  
 I'll be wearing the grey.  
 There's a fire in the bathroom, large towels, and  
 extremely hot water  
 And plenty of space—  
 An old bedroom of course—papered walls, and the bath  
 is immured in  
 A mahogany case.  
 I descend. Am I well? asks my host, who's already  
 at breakfast,  
 I reply that I am,  
 And approaching the sideboard I notice with some  
 satisfaction  
 That it carries a ham.  
 There is also cold game, scrambled eggs (with a  
 domed silver cover  
 For keeping them hot),  
 And some porridge. No need to converse, so I lean  
 up my paper  
 On the marmalade pot.  
 After breakfast, the garden. A walk to those new  
 flowering cherries  
 Which promise so well,  
 Or visit the greenhouse and savour its earthy and  
 humid  
 Chrysanthemum smell—  
 Or else, by the morning-room fire in a chair of red  
 leather,  
 Con over again  
 The list of the people, so charming and gay, who are  
 coming  
 By the afternoon train . . .  
 I shun them, these visions. I know they are shameful,  
 escapist,  
 But still they persist—  
 Nostalgic desires for a house I have never yet been to,  
 And that doesn't exist.





### PEACEFUL CORNERS

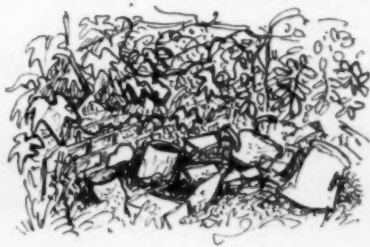
**I**F you have ever flown over London you must have wondered how anyone in the middle of its sprawling carcase could possibly find enough air to keep alive. William Cobbett, writing one hundred and twenty-five years ago, spoke of it in horror as "the Wen," meaning in his blunt way that it was a great wart upon the body of England. Had he known it was but a pimple to what it would later become his rage would have burned the paper. In the 'eighties and 'nineties enlightened medical officers of health tore their hair and swore the town was full to bursting-point, and that any further rise in its population must lead to terrible consequences. Since then London has continued to grow like a fungus, eating up more and more of the Home Counties for its dormitories, raising bigger and bigger buildings, increasing year by year the jammed confusion of its citizens; and since the petrol engine threw out the horse London has added to all its mechanical din an invisible fog of

carbon monoxide. That is perhaps a gloomy way to speak of a place for which so many people have a large affection, but I think even the most enthusiastic Londoner must admit that it has got shockingly out of hand; and as he fights a path through the choking canyons of the city he must occasionally long for the sight of a bit of grass, and a tree, and a seat from which to enjoy them.

Bits of grass on the fabulously valuable face of central London are so rare that churchyards have almost a monopoly, but fortunately London is rich in churches. It was partly to make churchyards more inviting to the living that an association was formed in 1882. At the beginning this was called, rather splendidly, "The Metropolitan Public Gardens and Boulevards Association," but fairly soon the boulevards regrettably dropped out, and now this elderly but still active society is known, for short, as the M.P.G.A. Originally its aims included the provision of more playing fields as well as gardens in the metropolitan area, and it even got

down to window-boxes. Gradually, however, as local authorities and other societies grew more interested, it narrowed its scope, and now its practical work is mainly confined to small public gardens where tired people can forget for a little that they are in the middle of the biggest city in the world.

Many churchyards and disused burial grounds, selected in the densest areas least equipped with open spaces, have been cleaned up and made attractive with trees, flower-beds, paving and seats, and more are steadily being added to the list. After the war a number of London parishes had the good sense





to lay out a garden of rest as a memorial, and the Association helped with grants, plans and information. It is a voluntary body, relying almost entirely on subscriptions, and it cannot afford maintenance. Having contributed the whole or a part of the initial cost and shaped the work to the satisfaction of its experts, it then hands over to an organization on the spot, a local authority or a church committee, sometimes a youth club. Its advice continues to be on tap.

If you want to see the sort of thing it is doing to bring a touch of the country to the heart of London, go to St. Andrew's, Holborn. The church is a tragic war casualty, but between its burned-out shell and the road, lying in an intervening trough, is a delightful garden where the graveyard used to be. Lamb's mother was buried there. A worn and beautiful set of steps leads down to it from the church. The plan is charmingly simple, and designed, as all these gardens are, for modest upkeep. Most of the space is paved, but it is well broken up by beds, at present full of wall-flowers. Comfortable seats range its sides. At one end is a magnificent hawthorn, a perfect umbrella, at the other a flourishing cherry owing its origin to a stone from some expectorant benefactor. Also—a special pet of the M.P.G.A., which talks about trees as you or I might talk about dachshunds—there is a rare *Ginkgo biloba*, a Maidenhair Tree from China that I am assured traces its descent back proudly to the primordial ooze. From these coverts I flushed a cat, a fat pigeon and several squadrons of sparrows. If I lived near Holborn I know now where I should take a book and a pipe on a stifling summer's night.

Go as well to St. Bartholomew the Great, that superb old warrior of a church in Cloth Fair, just off Smithfield and overlooking Barley Mow Passage. In its trim graveyard you can get even closer to the feeling of a village, for there you will

find the greenest sward and enough trees to hide the surrounding buildings. Tombstones abound; and is there anything more restful to contemplate, especially if they are old and crumbling and had the luck to be inscribed in an age when men still had time for the beauty of words? Here again you find quiet, a promising herbaceous border, pleasant paving, good seats. I had expected to see these full of dejected butchers, but I suppose they were all away hunting the deer.

That is one side of the work. The other, apart from watching legislation, is to act as a centre of information on everything to do with the trees and flowers most suited to a city. Anyone can use this service, and to local authorities and "amenity bodies" it is free. In the course of its long career the Association has acquired peculiar knowledge, as can be seen from its "Planning For Beauty," which lists a wide variety of trees and flowering shrubs and describes in detail their idiosyncrasies.

The advice covers trees in public places as well as in gardens, and on this subject the Association has come to have decided opinions. When it started it had to work hard to stimulate interest; now councils, with new roads and pathways in mind, are anxious to make them bright, but often spoil their schemes through ignorance. Forest trees get planted too close together, and small flowering trees where they will fail; soil-analysis is omitted, and watering forgotten. Most important, pruning is often botched. Giving the nearest man a saw and urging him to go and thin things out a bit is not, in the view of the Association, the way to prune. A walk through London with one of its experts is an education. You point to a row of gnarled veterans and exclaim "What amusing shapes!" and her mouth hardens. Muscular fellows have been let loose without direction, it seems, and as a result trees in middle age are old and



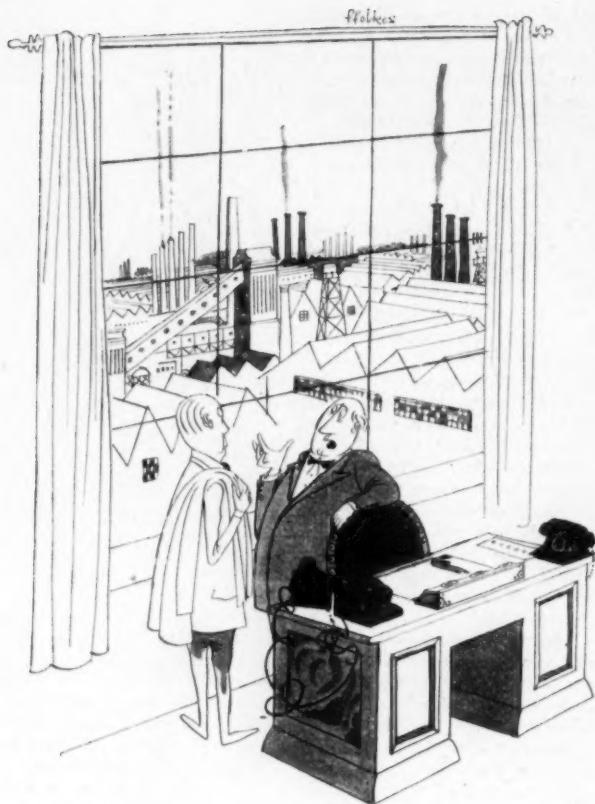
sick. On such a walk you learn to think in terms of shade, skiddy leaves, root-space and drip. You learn that fastigate, or upright, trees are the best in small spaces, and thus you are armed to begin your next political argument with "I hope I'm a fastigate man, but . . ." And, if unobservant, you learn, as I did, the curious fact that city trees never colour properly in the autumn. Dirt? Acid? Ten million people breathing! Nobody quite knows.

The public, for whom all this is generously done, doesn't always behave with gratitude. The hooliganism from which it sometimes suffers deters the Association from substituting for railings the flowering hedges it likes much better. But there are signs of improvement, and probably the readiest guardians of its gifts are those to whom these intimations of the open country lying beyond the grime and noise of the city bring pleasure and peace.

ERIC KEOWN







*"In the good old days the sky was completely obscured by filthy black smoke."*

### HIGH OLD TIMES

"DON'T mind my asking," said the man in the opposite corner seat, lowering his *Exchange and Mart*, "but why do you keep running that envelope up and down your page like that? Been watching you. Print wobble, does it?"

"No," I said. "I'm trying to study a part."

"Get away?" he said. "On the boards, eh?"

I nodded.

"Used to do a bit of that, one time," he said. "Amateur, you know. Just for the love of it, eh?"

I nodded again, and turned back two pages.

"Ever have anything to do with *The Desert Song*?" he asked, folding up the *Exchange and Mart* and tossing it on to the seat. "More of an opera?"

I shook my head, moving my envelope gradually through a fifteen-line speech. "No," I said. "I'm in repertory."

"Repertory, eh? I took the part of the Red Shadow once," he said. "Mind you, I'm going back a bit now."

I nodded, smoothing out my script.

"Going back some years," he said. "My missus used to be forever

at me to take it up, but I used to say no, you've got to be here, there and everywhere all the time in that lark, and that's not going to do my indigestion any good. All right just for the love of it now and again, but not as a steady thing. I couldn't stomach that."

"No," I said, and went back to the beginning of the speech.

"Mind you," he said, "I'm not saying but what it mightn't have been a bit of sport. I'll bet you have some high old times on the quiet, eh?"

I smiled wanly.

"All them chorus girls, eh?"

He chuckled. "Cord, I'll never forget when we got our rig-outs on first time. Laugh? There was one fellow there had boots sent him you could have put two feet in each one of and never noticed." He opened a tin box, and tossed a white tablet into his mouth. "Repertory you're in, eh? That's where you have to put a different piece on every week, like?"

I nodded, and looked upwards with my eyes closed, hopelessly mouthing words.

"And while you're doing one you're learning up another for the week after?"

"That's it," I said.

"No wonder you hear about all them drugs they take. Up one minute, down the next. Cord, wouldn't do for me, thank you very much. No, thank you." He sucked his tablet reflectively. "Wonder to me you don't get all mixed up," he said. "I'd be saying some of what I had to say next week this week. Or some of what I had to say last week. Eh?" He shook his head sympathetically.

I gritted my teeth.

"Course," he went on confidentially, "how you learn it beats me. That's the part that'd get me stymied. You see, the trouble is, once you forget a bit the whole thing goes for a burton, because the other geezer doesn't know what to say either. Gets no cue, see?"

"That's right," I said, and went back to my first entrance with a sigh.

The train began to slow down. "Couldn't do with that at all,"

he said. "Blimey, what time d' you get? You don't get no time at all. Rehearse in the mornings, eh?"

I nodded, and stood up to get my duffle-coat from the rack. He stood up too, and pulled down my brief-case, and his portmanteau, and my hat, and his umbrella and rain-coat and bowler, and blundered about, talking all the time.

"Rehearse all the morning," he said, "have a bit of a snooze after your lunch, then at it again at night. Week in, week out. Cord, it'd take me a month of flippin' Sundays to get one o' them things off pat. I tell you what," he said, handing me my belongings, "I don't know how you do it, I don't straight."

I opened the door and climbed down on to the platform.

"Just between ourselves," I said sharply, "I'm darned if I do, either." And I hurried away to catch my connection, fiercely clutching my hat, my brief-case, and his *Exchange and Mart*.

## THE NAKED FIST

OUR dearest joys pass all too swiftly hence;  
Fleeting is youth, and transient is love;  
But on the point of sheer impermanence  
There is no equal to a right-hand glove.

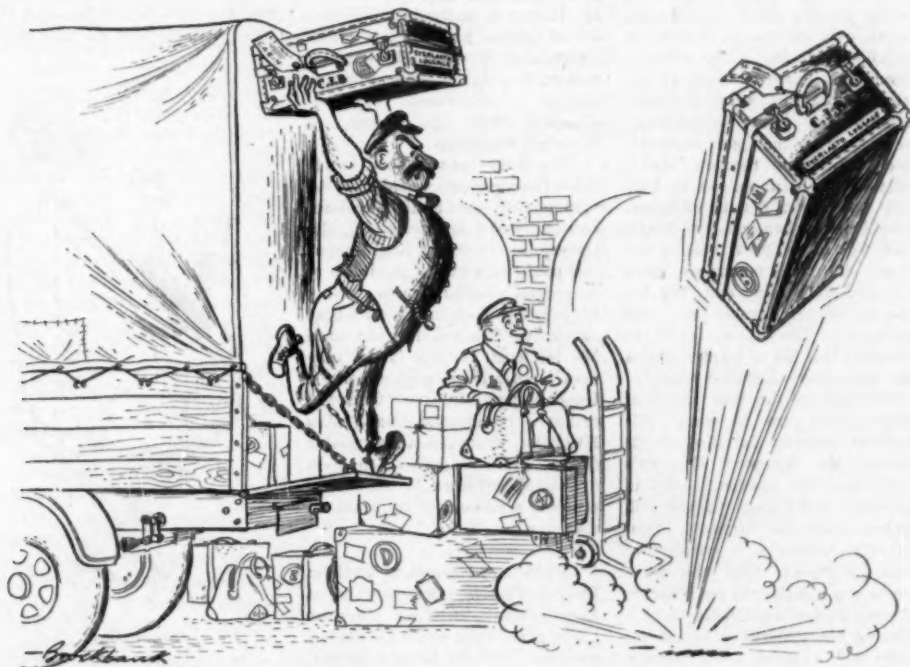
From stage to stage along this vale of woe  
I slowly take my unbefriended way,  
And right-hand gloves stream from me as I go.  
Another streamed at lunch-time yesterday.

Who first took up this arbitrary line  
That gloves, of all things, should be sold in pairs?  
The unit for the glove is thirty-nine:  
One left, one right, and thirty-seven spares.

They should be fastened to the coat with string  
Like Dian's bowler at the social meet,  
Or bear some secret tocsin, that should ring  
In clamorous warning when they hit the street.

But there, what interest to the draper mind  
My simple schemes for bettering the trade?  
Enough, my soul: we will go forth and find  
Our hundredth pair. We should look well in suede.

M. H. LONGSON





Weak King

Richard II—MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE; Bolingbroke—MR. HARRY ANDREWS  
Gaunt—MR. HUGH GRIFFITH

## AT THE PLAY

King Richard the Second (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)—*The Passing Day*  
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)—*Intimate Relations* (ARTS)



**A**RRTIFICERS have been busy at Stratford, to excellent effect. The Memorial Theatre, refurbished, now has an extended circle that gives a cosier feeling to the theatre and will absorb, over the season, some extra battalions of the army already hammering, purse in hand, at the gates. More important, the proscenium has been doctored to do away with that sad no-man's-land downstage through which actors have been obliged to hurl their voices at a distant audience. Ribald citizens can no longer dangle their legs in the great hole in the stage, declining favourites must now find some other exit, but the loss is nothing beside the new intimacy of the theatre. And, to complete this list of good works, a live orchestra is installed again.

The first of the four historical plays which are to mark this Festival summer is *Richard the Second*; MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE's production is uneven, but, in the end, impressive. While still unthreatened MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE's *Richard* is a creature of such affectation that the early scenes are unbalanced by a surfeit of simpers, but once *Bolingbroke* is winning MR. REDGRAVE brings out very well a much truer picture.

With *Richard* as a bad king who speaks good poetry he is more concerned than with *Richard* as an artist, and for this attitude there is surely much to be said. The deposition scene he plays splendidly. MR. HARRY ANDREWS' *Bolingbroke*, full of natural authority, is a fine performance in admirable contrast, nothing in it better than his surly, slightly uncomfortable reception, glooming from the throne, of *Richard's* abdication.

The bridge between these two is *York*, the conscientious elder statesman honestly torn in his allegiance, and important as representing the problem of the decent Englishman; this production loses a good deal of its general sense and gains nothing by twisting *York* into a twitching old ninny. This is doubly sad, since MR. MICHAEL GWYNN is the very man for a reliable member of the Upper House. MR. HUGH GRIFFITH makes a picturesque *Gaunt*, Miss HEATHER STANNARD an attractive *Queen*, and in addition to good dresses Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH provides a permanent timbered set that wears well.

Until April 28 the Northern Ireland Festival Company is at Hammersmith, in three plays by Ulster dramatists, and it has made a good start with MR. GEORGE SHIELS'

*The Passing Day*, a comedy which ends in death and yet remains, by curiously Irish stratagems, a comedy. The central figure is a scallywag old shopkeeper, whose last hours, beset by the domestic and commercial intrigues of a small town inhabited almost exclusively by sharks, we retrace with the help of an ingenious multiple set, again by Miss MOISEWITSCH. On the whole the playing, which is refreshingly racy and natural, is better than the play. The character of the old man weakens dangerously in the second act, the dialogue is sometimes repetitive and is not so rich in phrase as it might have been in such circumstances; but MR. SHIELS parades his flinty-hearted creatures of wile with many telling touches. Only an Irish play could have caught the full heathen ghoulishness of MR. JOHN MCBRIDE's veteran gravedigger observing the sagging health of his most hopeful customers. The playing of this company is as fine a tonic as a week at Donaghadee. MR. JOSEPH TOMELTY, charged with making the miserly old ruffian much more than a figure of fun, and yet not so pathetic that we shall mind



(*The Passing Day*)

## Strong Irish

John Fibbe—MR. JOSEPH TOMELTY

his decease, cleverly acquires this delicate task. Mr. WILL LEIGHTON gives a performance of quiet and solid distinction as the solicitor (the only likeable person on the stage), and Miss PATRICIA STEWART and Mr. ALLAN McCLELLAND sacrifice themselves profitably to two perfectly odious young people. Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE's production, otherwise excellent, seemed to go wrong twice. If the miser's wife is really a deep-dyed puritan she shouldn't dress like a barmaid and smoke like a chimney. And the final scene, in which the nephew pounds his uncle's dead body, is a seriously false note.

*Intimate Relations* is a translation of M. JEAN COCTEAU's "Les Parents Terribles" by Mr. CHARLES FRANK, and I wonder he bothered. It is a highly artificial play about morons inhabiting a neurotic vacuum, said to be Paris. The mother, on whom Miss FAY COMPTON's talents are absurdly thrown away, is an invalid who thinks it funny to live in the dark. She is madly possessive of her only son, and the news that he has a mistress and intends marrying her precipitates an orgy of screaming and scheming made more unpleasant by the Stop Press announcement that the girl is already mistress to the father. A family frame-up to part the young people provides some faint excitement, but only the boy and girl, taken well by Mr. RICHARD GALE and Miss ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY, have any recognizable humanity. Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY, as the father, is curiously unlike a Frenchman, and Miss MARY HINTON, as a moderately sane aunt, seems to have strayed from the nicest sort of Norfolk rectory. The mother dies none too soon.

#### Recommended

Four more days to see *Electra* (Old Vic). Kay Hammond and John Clements, in *Man and Superman* (New), are giving brilliant proof that Shaw is still vastly entertaining. *Kiss Me, Kate* (Coliseum) almost lives up to the gale of ballyhoo that preceded it.

ERIC KEOWN

## BLOW

I LOVE the wind that blows along the shore  
And whips the leaping wave-crests into spray,  
Whilst overhead the sea birds scream and soar;  
Last night it blew my henhouse roof away.

The wild northeaster in the winter wood  
That sways the branches of the tangled oak  
May "Thrill our hearts and stir our Viking blood,"  
But how it makes the kitchen chimney smoke.

I love the wind that blows across the heather,  
Or makes mad music in a mountain chine,  
I am at home in any kind of weather;  
To-day it blew my washing off the line.

The clouds go racing down the moonlit sky,  
Celestial warriors riding into battle.  
Enchanted, sleepless on my bed I lie—  
I cannot sleep because the windows rattle.

I love the wind that whirls the snowflakes round,  
Or sweeps across the open frosty moors—  
A heavenly orchestra of awesome sound—  
It makes a shocking draught beneath the doors.

So let it blow in Rockall, Shannon, Bailey,  
And Iceland too, if so it has the mind;  
Outdoors I face the blustering tempest gaily,  
But in my home—"O blow the winter wind!"



## BIEFSTUK

IT was the fifth day of my holiday in Holland. They handed me the menu and sat back ready to enjoy themselves and my appetite at their own expense. I kept my eyes firmly on the upper, lighter strata of the menu, on the sections marked *Voorgerechten* and *Soepen*, while I covered as much as possible of the deeper, more substantial dietetic deposits with my left hand.

There was something called *Blikje*, *Sardines*, *toast*, *boter*, and for a few seconds I toyed with this item—though without the *boter*—as a possible suggestion. But, no, I hadn't the courage. There were *Makreelmayonnaise*, *Zalmschelp* and *Huzarensalade*, all of which looked

far, far too rich; and there were *Œufs à la Russe* which might, unhappily, have steered the conversation away from Holland. I was about to settle for *Kalfsvleespatetijtje* when my hostess leaned across the table and pointed to the lower half of the menu.

"The steaks are down under," she said smilingly.

I returned the smile with interest and removed my left hand from the card.

"Hello," I said, trying to stifle the note of exultation in my voice, "the steak's off." And I pointed to the line

*Biefstuk, sperciebonen, geb. aard.* which had been crossed out almost

as firmly as the "meat pie" is deleted (at about 12.15 P.M.) from the menus of London.

They laughed, and explained that this particular *biefstuk* had merely been withdrawn from circulation by a chef fiercely jealous of his reputation, but that if I really wanted this particular steak . . .

"No, no," I said. "No, thank you."

"You'll see a few lines further on . . ." they said.

I saw with amazement and dismay that the next five paragraphs each began with *Biefstuk*. I decided on a bold stroke.

"As a matter of fact," I said, placing the menu face downwards on the table, "I'm not particularly hungry."

They laughed, communed rapidly in Dutch and laughed again. My host took a propelling pencil from an inside pocket and began to sketch on the table-cloth.

"There," he said, exhibiting his drawing, "isn't that about the size of your week's ration? Eightpenny-worth? I've read all about it in our newspapers."

"Well, no," I lied, "it's a bit better than that. We're not exactly starving, you know." And I took up the pencil and added a quarter of an inch each way to the diagram.

They studied my corrections, looked up into each other's eyes and laughed.

"Honestly," I said. "I mean, do I look as though I'm starving?"

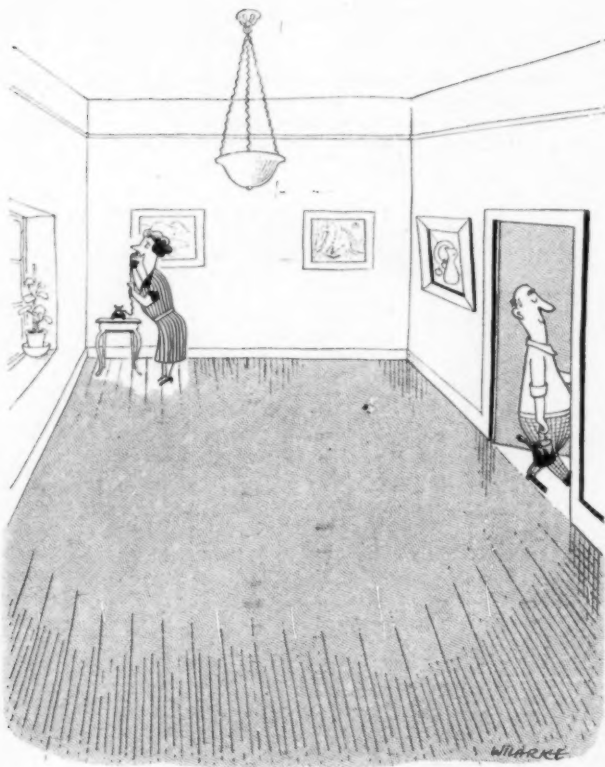
They examined me afresh while I straightened my tie and pulled the flaps out of my jacket pockets.

"Starch," said my hostess. "We know far more about conditions in Britain than you think. You're eating too much bread, too many potatoes. I've read it in the papers. How about this one?"

She pointed to the entry  
*Biefstuk v.d. haas met. sp. ei.*  
*doperuten, geb. aard.*

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I said, "but really I couldn't possibly eat quite so much. Perhaps if I just . . ."

They tried to interest me in *Wiener Schnitzel*, *doperuten, geb. aard.* and I explained why the







"The wet spell's done us a bit of good. Another dozen cloaks for Sir Walter."

adjective Viennese is under a culinary cloud in Britain. They mentioned something called *Nasi Goreng met Sp.*, and I told them that I found the name unsavoury.

By this time they were both somewhat crestfallen and I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself.

"To be perfectly frank," I said, "I ought to tell you that I've eaten four steaks in the last four days." I had not of course intended to disclose this fact to these hospitable people, but they had driven me to it. A full confession of my predicament seemed to offer the only hope of salvation.

"Where?" they said.

"In Hilversum," I said, "in The Hague, in Amsterdam and, only last night, in Eindhoven." The names came out pat, like the commentary to a documentary film.

"And which of them do you consider the best?" they said.

"It's difficult to say," I hedged. "They were all enormous and quite wonderful."

"But which was the biggest?"

"The biggest! Well, I suppose the one I had at The Hague would—"

They laughed, broke into a few sentences of Dutch, and signalled to the waiter.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "the steaks in The Hague are notoriously small. We cannot allow you to leave the Netherlands under a misapprehension. Now, here in Haarlem..."

The waiter appeared and the order was given quickly, precisely, and ten minutes later I faced one of the gravest ordeals of my life—*Biefstuk v.d. haas met sp. ei, doperuten, geb. aard.* No quarter was given: I was committed to the whole gigantic affair.

"Of course," they said, as I began my feeble attack upon the inch-thick sheet of succulent flesh, "we're living in a fool's paradise over here—far beyond our income. Nobody knows where it will all end."

"Mm," I said.

"In Britain," they said, "you manage everything so much better, so sensibly and realistically."

And the curious thing was that they seemed to mean it, and made no protest an hour or so later when I refused point-blank to consider a helping of *Pudding v.d. dag* or pudding-of-the-day.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"The Oxford University Arts Club exhibition, open in the Ashmolean until March 3, includes a delightful set of lithographs, 'The Seasons,' by Jane Field, in which the artist uses considerable mastery of her medium to show several charming studies of slipped case, which have a slightly nostalgic echo of English nineteenth century English uin. tenth century illustrators. 'Oxford Times'"

All right, we're convinced about that echo.

## THE TRAVELLERS

TRAVELLERS like us have their own way of travel. I should call it the middle way. On the one hand none of us has crossed the Sahara on a camel or lived among head-hunters; on the other, you never see us eating ham and eggs in Montparnasse, with the morning paper from London propped against the teapot. We can eat everything funny up to snails, and we take our foreign reading very seriously, enjoying particular success with the advertisements.

Wherever the legend began that the English are a complacent, insular people, it didn't begin with us. From the moment of setting foot in Ostend or Boulogne or Calais, or in extreme cases The Hook or Oslo, we are humble initiates in the art of living; and nowhere do we show this naïve wonder better than when we are sitting in the back of a car outside our first garage. A kennel with a dog that doesn't know it is a dog; the garage man's pretty blue cotton suit; the little children, all obviously fluent linguists (the mistakes foreign children make in their own language always impress us); the shutters, the buckets, the flowers, the clouds, real ones, over the roof—everything is invested with the light that never was.

You will see that we do not travel very often, just about enough not to remember the places we've been to before. What you can't see is the luggage on the seat beside us. It starts tidily, but in a few days it will be a towering jumble of maps and shoes and duffle-coats, with the toffees underneath; and, like the trees round Keats' temple, it will have magically identified itself with our journeying. Mind you, we could get the same result with the Orient Express. We'd be haunted by one of those leather shopping-bags with things falling out—the books we chose for our improvement and never even open, and a bottle of hair-oil wrapped in *The Times*. We do try to travel light, but our prudence defeats us.

We like mountains. Coming as we do from a corner of the world where 1,000 feet is news, we have a high standard and expect at least 5,000, which we usually achieve without knowing until we see the map

afterwards. A good mountain range on the horizon has a profound effect; it shows up the ordinariness of the foreground—I mean things like hoardings and washing-lines, neither of which you notice in a picture postcard. We like all kinds of spectacular scenery, and have never learnt not to try to photograph the places the postcard shops go in for. "You can't see the view," we say, handing round the photographs at home, "but that was why I took this one." We never seem to get our souvenirs into albums, but keep them in little folders with a dog on the front, and are always dropping them.

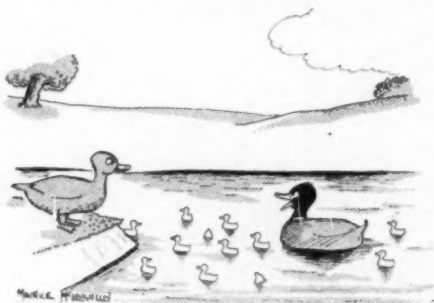
Languages present less difficulty than you, or we, might think. Put us in a foreign town, and in two days we shall be reading Dry Cleaning, Porkbutcher, Parking on the Axe and Defence of Affix like old hands; our murmured thanks will be getting less and less of a murmur, and our breakfast order on the telephone will have settled into a single incorrect phrase that seems to work. Naturally we're best at French, which we use with something approaching confidence as a *lingua franca*, or desperate measure with non-French foreigners. I have suggested that we're rather good at foreign newspapers. We find the ones not in Latin the most difficult, but it's amazing how we can assimilate a whole news-story without understanding a word; and some very unlikely news we pick up this way too. But the point is that we try. We would never buy an English paper abroad; it would spoil it all, as we know from when we borrow other people's.

Another thing we're good at is eating. A few days of the fantastic and sublime meals that are the common characteristic of abroad and we're starving. All we can think of is when we eat next. Not quite all our adventurous eating is traceable to our adaptability and enterprise. There is a very slight element of "Wait till they hear about this." I need not say that we keep a wildly calculating eye on the prices, which, because of the metric system, or something, tend to look like a superhuman cricket score. Our attitude to foreign money is not easy to define. It's not exactly *money*, it's what you pay with. If I have not made clear the subtle distinction between English and foreign money at least I have emphasized the subtlety.

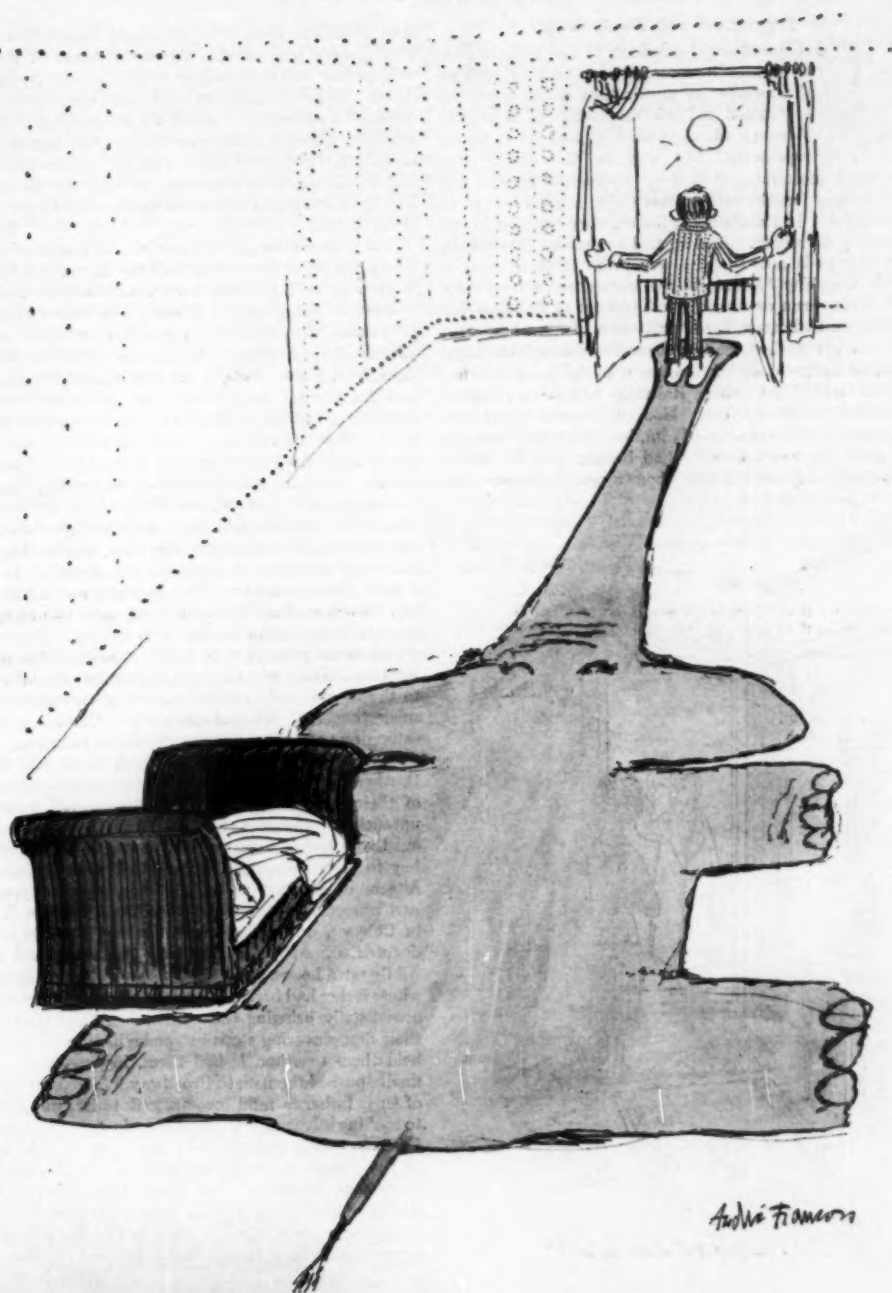
In appearance, of course, foreign money is totally different, and we never quite get blasé about the wads of ten-shilling notes that go to a pound. In translating foreign money into English we're not only orthodox—finding the place where so much equals so many shillings, and working outwards—we're swift and accurate, but we never really master kilos, not in the detail necessary to have made it worth weighing ourselves. Kilometres are our thing. More seasoned travellers are often glad of people like us to put them right. It's funny that we lose the formula when we get home.

I'm sorry I haven't room to tell you about our tram and bus and train rides, to which we bring a doggedness, a determination to get there or bust, that proves we could manage the Sahara easily if we had the time.

ANDE



"How do I know if they're all there—can't you remember how many eggs you laid?"



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Pantagruel and Duck Soup

**T**HE intellectual acrobats of the monasteries, to whom the quintessence of nothing, such as the number of angels that could safely be accommodated on the point of a needle (*hommes 40, chevaux 8, anges?* as it were), represented the way to the stars, were scarcely more futile than those commentators who will go to any lengths rather than enjoy a great writer as an artist. In Rabelais, of all men, they have burrowed eagerly for hidden meanings and a mission. Miss M. P. Willcocks is not, thank heaven, one of them, and in *The Laughing Philosopher* she has written a biography that couples a remarkably full account of Rabelais' life with an understanding appreciation of his works.

In her method the two are actively complementary, as, for instance, in her treatment of the years between 1527 and 1530, when Rabelais became a medical student at Montpellier. Modern research has added much to our knowledge of him, but this period remains vague. It was known he had broken with the Benedictines, and was thinking about a new profession; and

Miss Willcocks makes the reasonable suggestion that Pantagruel's tour of the university towns of France reflects his own wanderings while he was trying to decide between medicine and the law. Over the disputed authorship of the Fifth Book she is equally sensible, admitting the uncertainty but urging that at least Rabelais cannot be ruled out by the tiredness and bitterness that mark the writing, for he might well have written in this mood at the end of a far from peaceful life.

As a humanist and a friend of the liberal scholars who gathered in Lyons and Toulouse he was frequently in trouble with the bigots of the Sorbonne; that he escaped the stake was due less to his distrust of unnecessary martyrdom than to the powerful protection of his patrons, the Du Bellays. He had one foot in the Middle Ages, kept there firmly by his zest in natural pleasures and his clerical background; the other was always somewhere out in front of his age, for he wanted to know about everything. What strikes one most as modern in him was his passionate interest in his patients' minds. He was a practical doctor, successfully running a hospital in Lyons, but he believed in the bedside manner, in doctors with clean nails and good clothes, and above all in making the sick laugh. Of this particular medicine no physician can have left behind a more lasting supply. Only in the recurring matter of drink does Miss Willcocks, otherwise so admirable an interpreter, seem to me to go wrong. No doubt Rabelais saw symbolism in wine—it is difficult not to—but to claim that when he used the word he was referring to the mental and spiritual powers of mankind is like suggesting that when Belloc wrote "beer" he was calling our attention to the differential calculus.

Perhaps the nicest thing of all about the Marx Brothers is that compared with the superb confusion of their early life "A Night at the Opera" is sanity untouched. Harpo worked in an abattoir and walked out Cissie Loftus's dog for fifty cents; Chico was office-boy to the Pocahontas Coal and Coke Co.; Groucho at fifteen, determined to be a doctor, drove a grocer's cart uncertainly through the Rockies. In New York, in Chicago, and on a farm of record infertility this devoted, disorderly and for long insolvent band kept wildly open house, only their mother, a human dynamo whose father had been a travelling magician in Germany, occasionally bringing them to heel. When they took their first wavering steps in vaudeville it was she who held them together, lashed them, inspired them, and finally pushed them on to Broadway. The contribution of their father, a mild incompetent tailor, was limited to cooking huge suppers as bait for reluctant impresarios. Fame has done little to sober the brothers, who came to the theatre on roller-skates after losing a parking battle with the police. The world's most gifted lunatics still play baseball at wayside halts. Mr. Kyle Crichton gives a very lively report of them in *The Marx Brothers*, a memorable book though sadly deficient in dates.

ERIC KEOWN



"Tune your ball chime, m'am?"

### Publishing Partnership

Mr. and Mrs. Beeton must have been among the most typical and most influential citizens of Victorian England, and Dr. H. Montgomery Hyde's short sketch of their lives illuminates many aspects of social history, such as their establishment of a new family on a housing estate at Pinner which encouraged settlers by offering them free season-tickets to London. Samuel Beeton was one of the most original minds in publishing and, long before the Harmsworths, was developing new markets among women and young people. He introduced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to English readers, started the "Boy's Own Paper," first printed patterns for home dressmaking and began competitions for his readers; one was an essay on "Do Married Rakes Make the Best Husbands?" His wife, who died at twenty-eight, collaborated with him closely; her famous Book of Household Management began as articles in his magazines. In later years he got involved in financial and legal difficulties, produced Republican satires, and died of overwork.

R. G. G. P.

### Green Salad

Mr. F. L. Green's new novel *The Magician* is characteristic. He still writes such things as "She went nearer to him until she stood in such proximity to him that she could have embraced him with her arms," or "Cypriot waiters rendered an exotic air to the room," he is still quite confident that the mere statement of some character's singular emotion makes it credible, he still inflates his quiet scenes and spaces out their dialogue with windy philosophizing. And yet he contrives to remain readable. This is the story of a spare-time conjurer and his wife involved in the activities of black-market crooks who might be unkindly described as bits of "Brighton Rock" boiled up with left-overs from the similar set in Mr. Green's last novel. The action scenes offer film possibilities, which one suspects the author of bearing in mind—but this, from the ordinary reader's point of view, is quite possibly the book's salvation.

R. M.

### One Man in His Time

Jean Racine, of the untranslatable Alexandrine and the apparently split personality that produced "Phèdre" and "Esther", has never had a wholly convincing English biography. Dr. Geoffrey Brereton depicts him as a conscientious opportunist, picking his way between the rigours of his schoolmasters the Jansenists and the lasciviousness of his patrons the court. He had several odd jobs—lay benefices and the post of Historiographer Royal. But Port Royal damned his clinical dramas of passion; the court distrusted his ties with Port Royal. He was suspected of complicity with the Montespan's poison plots; and although Madame de Maintenon urged him to write plays for her pensionnaires, his second spring was not as his first. His

youthful verses "*poirs de pompe et de plaisirs*" show what a poet was blighted by his age's extremes of eroticism and religiosity. He is a fascinating puzzle; and although there is a scholarly astringency about Dr. Brereton's book that may not please all palates, there is not likely to be a better English life of Racine.

H. P. K.

### Mediterranean Saga

Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham, in his autobiography *A Sailor's Odyssey*, refers with feeling to "that hideous motto 'Safety First.' " His long and varied sea career is assuredly not one to which it could be aptly applied. After his baptism of fire with the Naval Brigade in South Africa the greater part of his time was spent in the Mediterranean, and his close knowledge of those waters, gained during the First World War and the troublous years that followed it, was to stand him in good stead during the next great conflict. It is with his period as Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean during World War Two that the greater—and the most interesting—part of his autobiography is concerned, including as it does such events as the battles of Calabria and Matapan, and the North African and Sicilian landings, while some forthright





comments are not lacking on occasion, as in the case of "Operation Husky"—the Sicilian landing—which in his opinion might have taken place three months sooner than it did. As First Sea Lord he was present at more than one historic event, notably at two meetings with Marshal Stalin, for whom, he says, he conceived an immediate dislike. "Britain still requires a Navy, and that Navy its Air Arm" is one of his closing remarks—one which has a special appropriateness at the present moment.

C. F. S.

### Hard Times in Iowa

The story of the Kantors between 1899 and 1904 was "an ugly montage of lost jobs, new jobs, American Beauty roses never paid for, scrofulous hotel rooms, jail doors opening and closing again . . . furniture dumped on sidewalks, letters, telegrams. . . ." Then the ne'er-do-well husband turned deserter and the lovely and courageous Effie was left to bring up her two children on her earnings as a shop assistant and journalist in Webster City, Hamilton County, Iowa. MacKinlay Kantor's autobiographical account of these hard times reads like a Freudian re-draft of a Victorian melodrama: *But Look, the Morn* is a convincing reconstruction of the author's childhood—and very impressionable years they must have been if we accept the wealth of detail as factual. Mr. Kantor's memory is elephantine, his style brisk and allusive, and this excursion into non-fiction has all the liveliness and interest of his novels.

A. H. H.



### Speaking and Listening

Dr. Paul Schmidt, *Hitler's Interpreter*, loves to see himself as a wise schoolmaster surrounded by a crowd of wrangling diplomats of many nations, all appealing to him to unravel their linguistic tangles and compelled in return to accept his magisterial control. This edited English version of his book deals only with the period between 1935 and the end of the war, but it is packed with enough lurid incident, political revelation and incidental humour to be the making of a dozen volumes. While Hitler himself, though convinced of his own infallibility, appears here as hardly more than an endlessly prolix mouther of vague generalities, Ribbentrop, his pale hysterical echo, figures as willing to destroy half mankind if he can but save his poor little perpetually-ruffled grandeur. By comparison even Mussolini takes on a certain aspect of qualified normality. While they talk and talk Germany moves on to catastrophes that all the wisdom of opponents and would-be advisers is unable to avert.

C. C. F.

### Splendid Failure

"A lot of the boys lost their pants and were left standing up in their long woollen johns. It began to have a faintly funny side, but not so that you'd burst out laughing." That is one of the miracles of understatement in Paul Brickhill's *The Great Escape*, and it refers to an epic disappointment. In Stalag Luft III two hundred and twenty prisoners (out of six hundred who had worked for freedom) had the luck of the draw and the chance to escape through the last of the three great tunnels (Tom and Dick and Harry) so imaginatively and heartbreakingly and body-wreckingly contrived. Only seventy-six got clear of the tunnel, and of these fifty were shot in cold blood, three reached England and the remainder were returned to prison camps. It is a brave story, well and quietly written, and a great memorial to man's ingenuity and patience.

B. E. B.

### Books Reviewed Above

- The Laughing Philosopher.* M. P. Willcocks. (Allen and Unwin, 16/-)  
*The Marx Brothers.* Kyle Crichton. (Heinemann, 12/6)  
*Mr. and Mrs. Beeton.* H. Montgomery Hyde. (Harrap, 10/6)  
*The Magician.* F. L. Green. (Michael Joseph, 9/6)  
*Jean Racine: A Critical Biography.* Geoffrey Brereton. (Cassell, 22/6)  
*A Sailor's Odyssey.* Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham. (Hutchinson, 21/-)  
*But Look, the Morn.* MacKinlay Kantor. (Falcon Press, 12/6)  
*Hitler's Interpreter.* Paul Schmidt. (Heinemann, 15/-)  
*The Great Escape.* Paul Brickhill. (Faber, 10/6)

### Other Recommended Books

*How Green Was My Father: A Sort of Travel Diary.* David Dodge. (Home and Van Thal, 8/6) The author of "How Lost Was My Weekend" erratically drives a car with his wife and small daughter from San Francisco to Guatemala. A certain amount of slapdash facetiousness, but much good fun. Decorative comic drawings by Irv Koons.

# WASHING UP

MY husband said that he couldn't let me struggle through the washing up by myself.

I said I could manage.

He protested that I mustn't be so noble. It was his duty to help in the house and share my every burden. He was going to insist on coming to my rescue.

I said nothing.

He suggested that if I would just tell him where the tea-cloth was he'd have the draining board cleared in no time.

I said it was over the gas stove.

He thought I must be mistaken. The only thing over the gas stove was a germ-laden, moth-eaten piece of old rag.

I said that was the tea-cloth.

He asked me whether I was trying to poison him by pollution.

I said I was trying to cut down the laundry bill by using the same cloth twice.

He said that while he appreciated my efforts, he would rather I economized in other ways. Health must come first. He hoped he would never see me using such a filthy cloth again. Now if I would tell him where to find a clean one he would say no more about it.

I said they were in the drawer.

He thought I might find washing up easier if I used hot water.

I said it had been hot once.

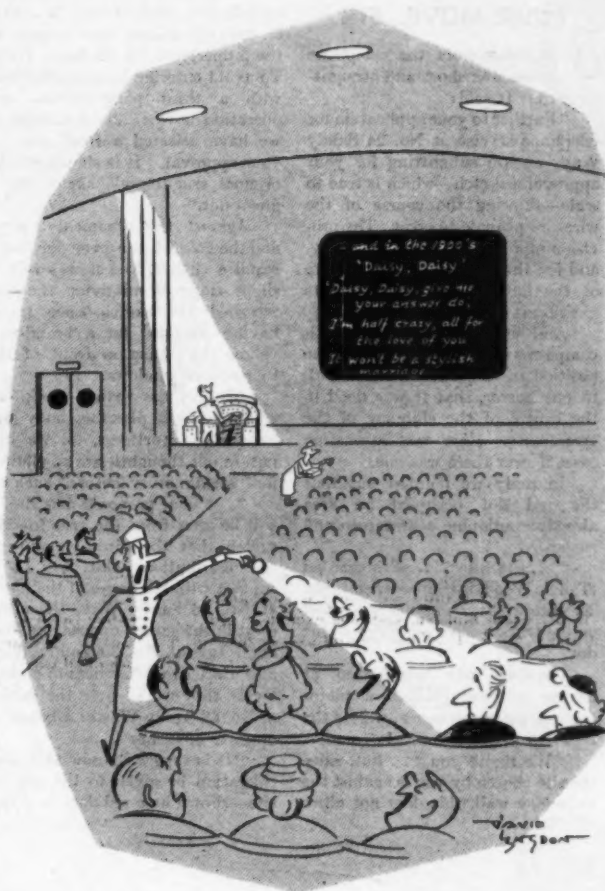
He rather doubted that, as the things were practically cold by the time they reached him. He attributed his own modest success as a washer-up to his insistence on boiling water. And shouldn't I be doing the knives and forks first? His mother had always said "Cutlery before crockery."

I said I preferred my own methods.

He asked me whether I had really deemed it necessary to use every dish, bowl and saucepan in the house. He was sure that if he were head cook and bottle-washer the number of dirty utensils would be down to a minimum.

I said I could imagine.

He wondered whether I was trying out a new method of washing up. It was probably quite obvious,



"Sing up, there!"

but for the moment the merit of leaving egg encrusted between the prongs of the fork was escaping him.

I said I must have missed it.

He apologized for having dropped my best plate on to the floor, but it definitely hadn't been his fault. In fact it was a wonder that he'd only smashed one plate in view of the treacherous amount of soap-suds I left around everything.

I said I'd be more careful in future.

He asked me if that was the lot.

I said yes.

He said it was amazing what a difference another pair of hands made.

I said it was.

"He was speaking on a minute of his committee which stated that a letter had been received from the Senior District Engineer of East African Railways and Harbours stating that arrangements were in hand for the erection of bombs at the level crossings over the Pugu road. These have now been installed, together with an illuminated danger sign."—"Tanganyika Standard"

A wise precaution.

## YOUR MOVE, SIR

OUR letter from the telephone people was short and straightforward. It said:

"Further to your application for telephone service at No. 24 Sandy Way, we are submitting for your approval a sketch—which is true to scale—showing the course of the wires we propose to erect. The provision of a pole (24 ft.) is necessary, and for this we have chosen a site at the foot of your garden. Its position is shown by a red dot."

And so, arming ourselves with compasses and ruler, we checked the position of the red dot and found, to our horror, that it was dead in the centre of the chimney of the greenhouse. Here was a wasting asset if ever there was one.

In reply we pointed out that the red dot occupied an area already containing a structure and suggested:

"... the other side of the garden (Tangle Wood) is eminently suitable. The site we have in mind is marked on the true-to-scale sketch by a blue dot."

Glowing with satisfaction at having so easily solved a major engineering problem, we awaited the letter of appreciation. It came:

"We thank you . . . but, since the site chosen by you is against the boundary wall, this does not allow

us sufficient room to provide a stay on the pole without encroaching on the property at No. 22 Sandy Way. To avoid entering into negotiations with a third party—whose co-operation may be difficult to enlist—we have selected a fresh site for your approval. It is shown on the original true-to-scale sketch by a green dot."

Against the ornamental pond and the goldfish the green dot didn't stand a chance, and it was with a slight tinge of misgiving that we returned the sketch once more, having plumped for a brand-new yellow dot—bang in front of the living-room windows.

Alas, in less than a week our efficiency as a planning body was exposed as worthless, for we had not, in our thoughtlessness, allowed for "certain other factors," such as:

"... your proposed new site, it will be seen from the true-to-scale sketch that the wires, en route to the distribution point, will be in contact with the eaves of the house at No. 26 Sandy Way, the aerial mast in the garden opposite and the apple tree at No. 30 Sandy Way; also, owing to differences in ground levels, they would cross the garden of No. 28 Sandy Way at a height of approx. 32 inches.

"It is suggested now that consideration be given to the original site—shown by a red dot—and that

a new position, one yard east of this—shown by a black dot—be decided upon."

We felt that the game was up (we had no more coloured pencils anyway) and wrote to say that we supposed it would be all right, but would they please give us time to alter the greenhouse door from right-hand opening to left-hand ditto.

Three weeks later we returned from town to see the foreman line-man climbing into his wagon.

"Finished?" we asked.

"Yus. Nothing in it. Hour's work."

"Even with the pole?"

"Didn't need one. Can't get them these days, not being pally-like with the Russians."

"Then how . . . ?"

"Simple. Stuck a bracket on the garage behind No. 26. Got permission from the bloke right away. Decent lad, he is. Gave us tea. Says he don't hold with red tape."

Neither do we.

## FROZEN ASSET

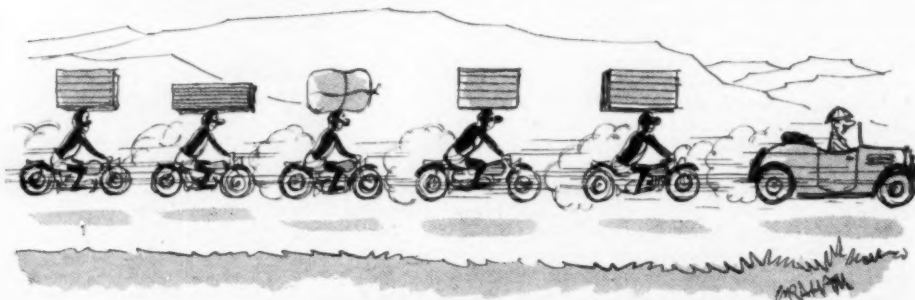
No dues to pay, and rightly so—

It seemed astonishing to me

To contemplate a tax on snow


When so much rain had come in

free. MARK HOLLIS



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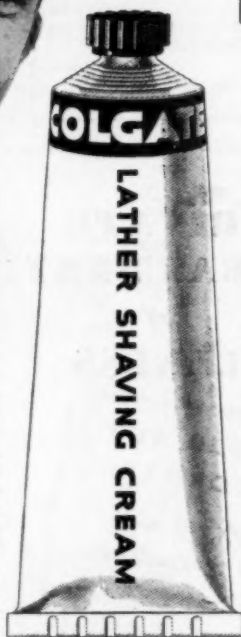
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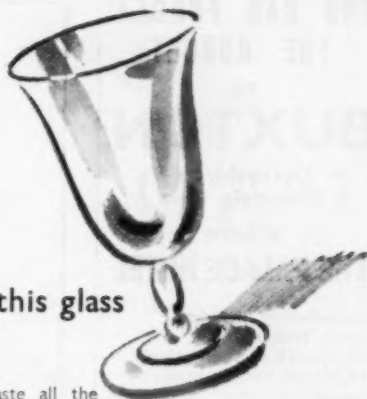
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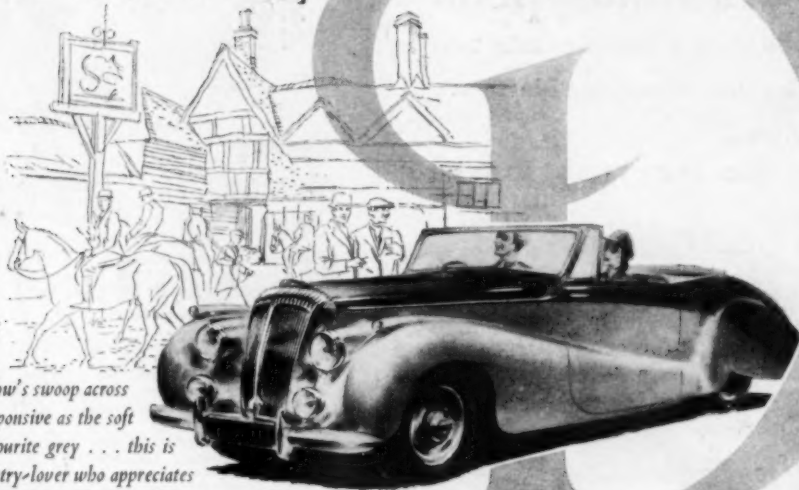
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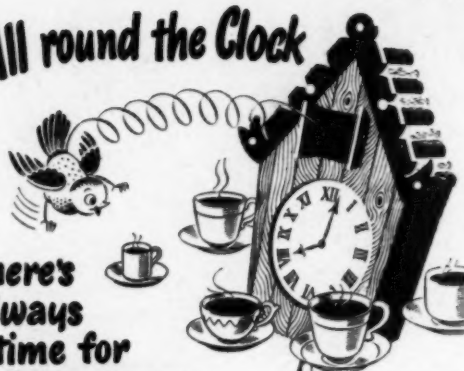
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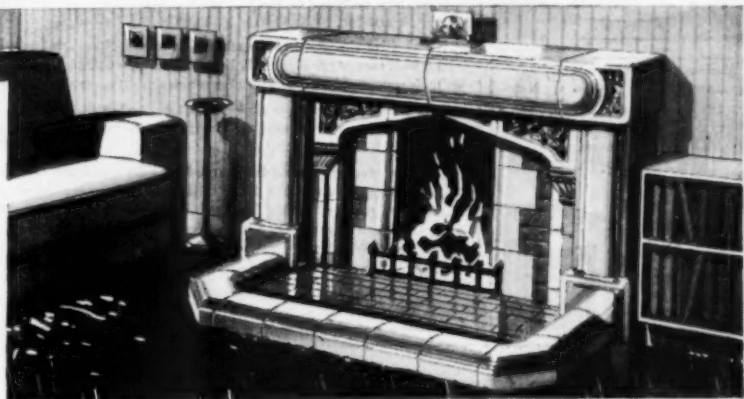
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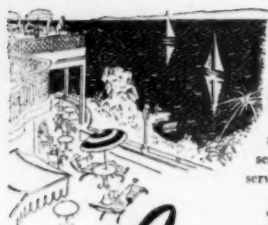


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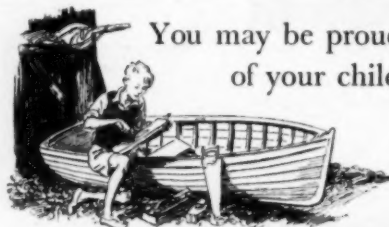
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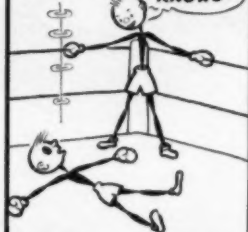
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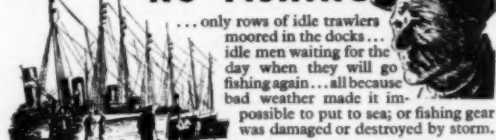
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61



These are well-behaved chairs

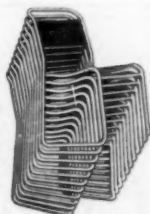


which are easily put  
away and





**STAND IN  
THE CORNER**

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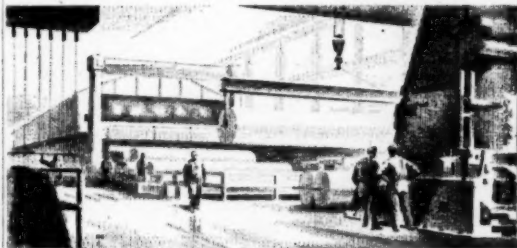
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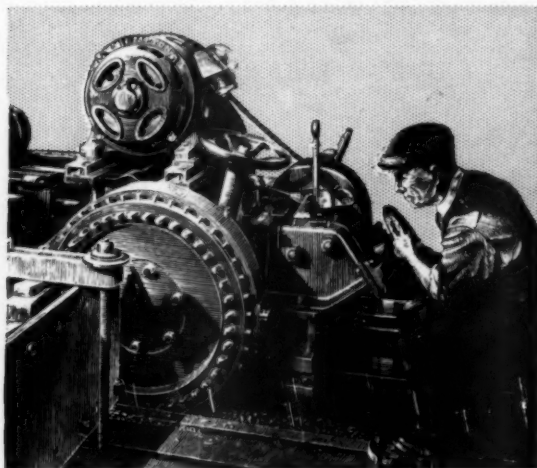
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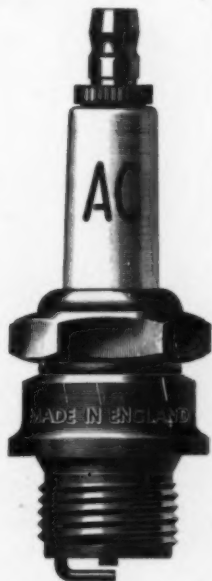
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